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## Events of the Week.

HAVING rejected Prohibition and (we regret to think) National Purchase as a cure for the drink trouble, the Government have fallen back on a double and partly overlapping series of remedies, which may be described as Local Restriction and Preventive Taxation. Mr. Lloyd George described their scope in a brilliant speech on Thursday. His argument was to press his earlier accounts of the extent of the demoralization of the workers in munitions. He built it up on a series of statistics which he drew from the controllers of shipyards and factories, and also from the reports of Government officials and inspectors. They showed grave deficiencies in selected bodies of workers. The method was open to the objection that, while it disclosed pockets of intemperance, it did not give an opportunity of testing the work of a whole factory or shipyard, and allowing for the disorganization attending a great extension of work, and the drafting in of sets of fresh workmen. For these reasons, it would seem that the representatives of the workers do not accept its implied conclusions, and propose to contest it in the House.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's decision, however, was a firm one. From 10 to 30 per cent. of the men were not making the exertion the country required of them, and drink was the cause of this slacking and

of the resulting deficiency of munitions. The remedies proved to be fairly drastic. The duties on spirits are to be doubled, bringing them up to 29s. 6d. a gallon, and there is to be a surtax on beer, according to its specific gravity, rising from 12s. to 36s. a barrel. Apparently this will leave out "four ale," but cover most English beers as well as stout. On the other hand, the limit of dilution for spirits is raised from 25 to 35 per cent. under proof. By way of equalizing taxes, as between the workmen and the richer classes, the tax on still wines is to be quadrupled and that on sparkling wines increased sixfold.

THE second part of the Government's scheme consists of a measure of local restriction. It proposes to control the public-houses in areas affecting work on munitions or transport and adjoining military camps. Where it shuts up houses it will compensate. But it will also take power to change tied places into free, and to take over the management of bars which have become dangerous or superfluous drinking resorts—in other words, to resort to "disinterested management." We hope that this plan, which is the most valuable part of the scheme, will be thoroughly and ably organized. The Chancellor made special reference to the importance of adding a provision of food to that of drink. The powers taken are limited to the period of the war.

THE House is said to have received the Chancellor's proposals coldly, and they will probably be modified in some particulars. The taxes are not revenue taxes, though Mr. George hopes to get an extra £1,600,000 from beer and £1,500,000 from wine. If, on the whole, he doubles the present revenue and halves the consumption, he will do well; but this is perhaps a sanguine estimate. The objections raised are that (1) the taxes are differential, and that sober working-class England will be penalized for the self-indulgence of a fraction of a class; (2) that Ireland (where there appears to be no extra drinking), Australia, and France, will be unduly hit; (3) that the scheme of local restriction will do most of the work that the new taxes can hope to accomplish; (4) that the workmen will be resentful, and the moral result of the taxes thus neutralized. These objections may be met by some modification of the plan, notably in favor of Ireland and its great Dublin industry. The rest will probably go through, though the Opposition reserve their fire, the Irishmen are hostile, and the Labor men somewhat resentful of the manner of presenting the case against the drinkers. But the nation's need must not be forgotten in these clashing interests and feelings.

Six weeks have passed since the failure to force the Narrows of the Dardanelles by naval action alone. The Anglo-French Expeditionary Force, which is said to number about 150,000, has been transported with great promptitude to the peninsula of Gallipoli. The landing began on Sunday night at four points, and has been carried through rapidly and with complete success. The earlier news of a landing at Enos probably referred to a

feint, or else the point has been seized to serve as a base. The actual landing was affected partly (1) at the extreme edge of the peninsula, near the destroyed entrance fort of Sedd-el-Bahr; (2) partly at the Cape of Gaba Tepe, ten miles along the outer shore, and four miles from the rear of the forts of the Narrows; and (3) at Yenikeui, thirty miles up the outer coast behind the town of Gallipoli, and not far from the Bulair lines. These three forces were British. The French force (4) landed on the Asiatic side near Kum Kale. One may guess that Nos. 1, 2, and 4 will advance against the forts, while No. 3 will attempt to bestride the peninsula, and cut off Turkish reinforcements and supplies.

THE whole work of disembarkation must, of course, occupy several days, and it may be necessary to construct first landing places and then roads. The district is hilly, difficult, and wild. Fighting has already begun, and the French took 500 prisoners on their first day. Details of our own operations are meagre, especially as to Forces 2 and 3, but there has been "continual opposition," in spite of which Force No. 1 has won about two miles of ground at the point of the peninsula. The Turks had laid barbed wire and dug concealed pits. The Turkish *communiqués* claim many victories, especially over Force No. 2 (at Gaba Tepe) which has, they say, either re-embarked, or "surrendered in masses." They also state that a transport has been sunk. The real fact seems to be, judging from unofficial telegrams, that the attack is being pressed both by land and sea with immense vigor by night and day, and that a decisive result may be hoped for soon. The Russian fleet, meanwhile, has been active in the Bosphorus, and has shelled some of its outer forts, and repulsed the ships which sallied out to meet it.

THE Germans scored at the end of last week what is their first considerable success after Soissons in the trench warfare, since the coming of winter. Their advance began last Thursday evening against a part of the lines north of Ypres held by French troops, with the Belgians on their left and the Canadians on their right. The ground lost averages two miles in depth on a front of about seven miles, between Steenstraete and Langemarck. The attack was delivered by two German army corps, and owed its success largely to the use of an asphyxiating gas. In the first surprise at the use of this detestable invention the French fell back, and the Canadians, who also suffered from the gas, were compelled to give ground in order to straighten out the line. They lost in the process four of their 4.7 guns. A heavy bombardment (directed also against Ypres and the lines of communication) followed the use of the gas, and then the Germans charged. They won their way right across the Ypres-Yser Canal, and established themselves at the hamlet of Lizerne on its left bank. In further attacks they took St. Julien, and broadened their gains in this direction. Their news makes much of the victory, which, indeed, was comparable to our own advance at Neuve Chapelle.

THE Allied forces rallied promptly and fiercely after this tremendous attack. The Canadians in particular distinguished themselves, and by hard fighting during a moon-lit night in a wood, recovered the four lost guns, though at a heavy cost in casualties. It fell to the French and the Belgians to drive the enemy back beyond the canal. It is not a considerable obstacle, for it is neither broad nor deep, but the loss of the line which it represents would have endangered Ypres. Lizerne was retaken on

Saturday, after hard fighting, and the Germans now hold only a bridge-head across the canal. Our losses were heaviest in the later fighting which resulted in the loss of St. Julien, for the Canadians were here holding a suddenly extended front with inadequate numbers. By Tuesday our counter-advance was well established in several directions, though the bulk of the ground lost has not been recovered. By Wednesday, Sir John French was able to announce that the German attack had been definitely stopped.

THE term "asphyxiating gas" is much too mild to describe the new German expedient. Some modern shells produce gases which suffocate or stupefy, and the shock, apart from chemical action, may for a moment have this effect. The German device was nothing of this kind. They deliberately released in front of their own trenches some yellow-green gas, probably chlorine, possibly bromine. It is heavier than air, and was blown by a favoring wind to the Allied trenches. It acts at once on the eyes and on the respiratory organs, producing, as Dr. Haldane's report states, acute bronchitis. Days after the attack, the victims were still gasping for breath, blue in the face. Some of the men in the trenches were killed outright by the gas; others became insensible, and the majority could just stagger back into purer air. The effects were felt fully two miles behind the fighting line. The use of shells whose sole object is to liberate asphyxiating gas was forbidden by the Hague Convention, which Germany signed. This new method is evidently something even more barbarous than that which the Hague Conference prohibited, and falls rather under the prohibition of poison. It is, fortunately, possible to take precautions against it by the use of damp respirators, and there are limits to its use, for it requires a favoring wind, and delays the enemy's own advance.

THE German papers do not attempt to deny that this conduct was contrary to the Declaration in the Hague Convention of 1889, which their representative signed, forbidding the use of projectiles whose "sole object" was the spreading of asphyxiating or deleterious gases. On the contrary, they defend it as a more humane way of killing than by highly concentrated artillery. Precisely the same defence might be applied to the poisoning of wells or the killing of the wounded. The German nation seems to love to place itself above law, and from that station to defend its now habitual practice of anarchy.

THIS German success north of Ypres does not for the moment mean anything more than the loss of ground with heavy casualties. Our line was not pierced, and the recovery was prompt. But it does suggest that the enemy is now ready for an effort to break our virtual siege of him, and his new gas may enable him to attack with much less expenditure of ammunition than legitimate methods of warfare would require. If economy was the motive, we may expect still further developments of the same kind. His effort near Ypres synchronized with considerable activity elsewhere. In Lower Alsace he recovered his old position on the summit of the Hartmannsweilerkopf. The French, however, retook it next day. Another attack, which seems at first to have had some success, was delivered on the Eparges-Calonne trenches. It was finally repelled, however, and the Germans lost over a thousand men by it in killed alone. There has also been some renewal of German activity in Poland, and on the Lower Niemen front. In the Carpathians there is no appreciable change.



On Tuesday, the two Houses of Parliament debated Germany's treatment of our prisoners. On the question of fact and policy, both Chambers, without distinction of party, showed striking agreement. There was a general feeling against British reprisals, coupled with regret that the Admiralty's treatment of submarine prisoners engaged in the killing of non-combatants had that aspect. Mr. Churchill defended his action on the ground that the measures taken were necessary means of branding a barbarous form of warfare and preventing it from becoming a usage in future wars. But he insisted that the conditions of the internment for these men were in "every respect humane," and he invited inspection. Next day Mr. Macnamara showed clearly that the only practical distinction between the treatment of these men and that of other prisoners was that they were confined in detention barracks, and did not consort with comrades taken in fair fight. The most damning statement was that of Lord Kitchener, who, in a singularly impressive speech, declared that though the German treatment varied considerably, our men had mostly suffered from want of food, that they had been differentially treated as compared with the French and the Russians, and that they were the victims of many acts of violence.

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LORD KITCHENER's general indictment was that Germany had stained indelibly her military history, and that both in the treatment of prisoners and the use of poisonous gases she had broken the Hague Conventions. The Prime Minister, strongly endorsing the charges of discrimination against our men, declared that when the war was over the country would exact reparation from those who were proved to be "guilty agents" of these cruelties. One or two other suggestions were made, such as Lord Lansdowne's that the sufferers from these barbarities should be compensated out of German property in this country. A more practical point was that Germany should be invited to see how we were treating our prisoners, and, in return, should allow the American Embassy to examine the condition of hers. We think she should have a chance of refusing, even at the eleventh hour, to write herself down as a barbarous people.

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In the course of a discussion of the War Office Vote on Wednesday, Mr. Hobhouse announced that the Government would refer to arbitration the application of the postal workers for a war bonus. We welcome this step, which creates a precedent of importance, but we are quite unable to follow Mr. Hobhouse's argument against the war bonus itself. Mr. Wardle stated that there are 59,000 postal workers whose wages do not exceed £1 a week, and he quoted the case of a woman who has to keep herself in London on 18s. a week. When these people ask for an increase of wages because the cost of living has gone up, say, by 15 or 20 per cent., they are told that some postal workers are doing well, that the Post Office cannot afford it, and that they are lucky enough to be entitled to a pension at the age of sixty. We cannot understand why, if this reasoning is good enough for the Government, it should not be good enough for the employers, and yet a few months ago it was universally agreed that it was desirable that employers should raise wages. If the increase in the cost of living is not to be considered in settling wages, on what principle is the Committee on Production to act when adjudicating?

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It was unfortunate for Mr. Hobhouse that this answer followed closely on an answer given by Mr.

Acland to a very pertinent question about the profits of a Cardiff firm of millers. Thus, Spillers & Bakers have announced this year a profit of £367,865, against £89,352 for the previous year. Members from all parts of the House drew attention to this case, but the only answer was that the whole question of war profits is under consideration. Prices are advancing again, and the delay of the Government in reaching any decision on the general question of securing for the public and for the workers some share in these special profits is causing great dissatisfaction. The report of the Committee on coal, which ought to have been appointed months earlier, has not yet led to any action by the Government. Even in the case of the armament firms, the measures for limiting profits have not yet been announced. Mr. Anderson gave expression to the general feeling at a protest meeting in Battersea on Wednesday, when he declaimed against the spectacle of some persons in a time of national crisis getting enormously rich out of the poverty of the poor.

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THE French navy has lost this week a good pre-Dreadnought armored cruiser, with all her officers and most of her crew. The "Léon Gambetta" was steaming slowly on Monday night, which was calm and moon-lit, in the Straits of Otranto, when an Austrian submarine launched two torpedoes at her. She sank in ten minutes. Her officers, with Admiral Senes at their head, assembled on the bridge and went to their death with the cry of "Vive la France." Of the men, 136 were picked up by Italian torpedo boats which hurried to the rescue, but fully 600 were drowned. It is a repetition of the "Formidable" disaster, and the fact that the lost cruiser was steaming at only seven knots made her an easy prey to the submarine.

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DENMARK has this week for all practical purposes granted the franchise to women, and this on the same generous terms of adult suffrage which have been adopted in Finland and Norway. Scandinavia is now all but united in this reform, for in Sweden it is held up only by the obstruction of the Senate. In Denmark it has come as an item in a sweeping constitutional reform. The Upper House, elected on a property qualification, had long resisted the united efforts of Moderate Radicals and Socialists. It will now be chosen, like the Lower House, by universal suffrage, with the interesting variation that electors of both sexes are placed on the register for the Commons at twenty-five years of age, and on that for the Senate only at thirty-five years. The system of proportional representation is also extended with some interesting new developments. It is expected that the revised Constitution will receive the royal assent in June. It is encouraging to find that the war has not set back the cause of women's enfranchisement. Its inclusion in a general programme of democratic reform makes a precedent which our own country in due course must obviously follow.

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A ZEPPELIN raided Suffolk on Thursday night, with the usual reckless futility. It passed over Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, dropping incendiary bombs on both. The bombs all fell upon private houses. Two houses were burned down in a suburb of Ipswich, while the bombs destined for St. Edmunds fell impartially on fields, cottages, a stable, and a shop. There was no loss of life or personal injury.

## Politics and Affairs.

### GERMANY AND OUR PRISONERS.

A "horrible record of calculated cruelty and crime" are the words of the Prime Minister. "Acts which will surely stain indelibly her military history, and which would vie with the barbarous savagery of the Dervishes of the Sudan," is the impeachment by the Minister for War. Such denunciations, deliberately made to Parliament, imply a treatment of prisoners of war by Germany altogether different from that of former experience. The problem is always a difficult one, and has always been the subject of recrimination. The description of the French prisoners after Sedan—concentrated in a chapter of Zola's "Débâcle" as a vision of hell, but attested by numerous newspaper correspondents—is a bitter memory of 1870. Of the defenders of Plevna the greater number perished miserably of starvation, disease, and cold after its surrender. The historic example of the miseries of modern prisoners of war is the story of the prisons of the South in the American Civil War, where the revelations of the sufferings of their fellow-countrymen sent a fury of indignation through the Northern States of America, and that although the men of the South were as chivalrous and humane fighters as any of the last century. The White Paper which occasionally lifts the veil and reveals the actual condition of our prisoners, shows great variation of treatment in different camps and districts. The evidence it gives of a deliberate and positive cruelty applies to isolated cases, and we may still hope that the acts of definite brutality and cruelty with which Germany is being charged to-day remain rather as the outbursts of individuals than the deliberate policy of a nation. But the witness of unofficial letters and other sources of information remains unchallenged. It seems to show that prisoners who have violated the rules or given offence are treated with the same brutality as soldiers who have committed any similar offences in the German Army. The whole military machine is run with harshness as its underlying and final appeal. American correspondents in Belgium have seen men lashed across the face by their officers, and the German system of enforcing "discipline" has probably been introduced to the prisons also. But, in a general survey, it is callousness rather than deliberate cruelty which appears as the main charge, well summed up by Lord Newton when he asserted that the German Government (or at least the controlling military part of it) looked upon prisoners as "mere wreckage." This is not to say that callousness on the part of those in authority does not mean cruelty to the unfortunate prisoners themselves. They have been crowded (as Major Vandeleur reports in the White Paper) into filthy, uncleaned waggons; their transit to their destination has often been one long torture. They have been perpetually underfed, underclothed. The sanitary arrangements have been often indescribable. Yet it is fair to take note of attempts, at least at some of the camps, to provide conditions more tolerable and humane. "Parcels arrive reasonably well," duties are taken off at the Custom House, in some places "housing and warming" are

"reasonable"; even "facilities are given" for "religious services." After immense efforts, the American Ambassador is allowed to purchase and send in clothes; and even when the food is of starvation quality, canteens are opened where the men can purchase extras if they possess any money to do so. There is a general impression of inefficiency and disorganization, combined with utter carelessness which sees no reason why the authorities should worry about the condition of prisoners. That is the attitude of the military caste who think that there should be no prisoners at all; but that prisoners—cannon fodder—should be dead on the field of battle.

The whole evidence, indeed, both in the White Paper and outside, is of a contradictory character. In one document (Enclosure 3, No. 100) the German Government rejects the charge of any wilful delay of information, and almost pleads that with more than 700,000 prisoners, augmented daily by several thousand, it is impossible for the demand to be fulfilled. In others it declares its conviction that it is treating its prisoners as well or even better than the prisoners of its own people are being treated in other countries; and of course sensational stories have been published in some of the most important of the German newspapers, purporting to be records of cruelties and miseries in the British internment camps. Side by side with the tales of indignity and callous cruelty, especially directed against the British unwounded prisoners, comes a body of evidence as to the kindness of the German doctors to their British wounded and captured patients. In some towns the British prisoners in their passage have to be guarded from the rage of the mob, who have become half insane in their hatred of the island Empire. In others the authorities are found issuing notices exhorting or threatening the population not to be sentimental in the bestowal of gifts or the tendering of services to the prisoners as they pass. There seems to be no doubt, at one time at least, of a deliberate discriminatory policy, in which the British prisoners were treated as pariahs, and the distinction sharply drawn between them and their Allies. Yet after long delay, the right of inspection has at last been given to ten Consular officers of the United States, with passes allowing them to go where they like, and as often as they desire.

It is difficult to summarize such various evidence of indifference, inefficiency, and, in some cases, brutality on the one hand, with something approaching compassion and a desire to do the right thing on the other. Lord Robert Cecil, in the best speech of last week's debate, probably got nearest to the truth when he declared that the more humane and sane elements in Germany had been conducting a struggle against the military section, but had been overborne. He outlined the only possible policy of amelioration, when he declared that these humane and sane elements were influenced by the opinion of neutral countries—the public opinion of the world—and that "everything ought to be done to assist the neutral Powers in exerting their influence in doing what they could to bring the German people back to sanity." "The



great object we had in view was to destroy utterly the power of the military class, while giving the other elements in Germany some opportunity of recovering their proper influence." Certainly there would appear to be no other way. Reprisals are unthinkable: partly because the conscience of the nation would reject the idea, partly because in such a competition to sink to ever lowering levels of civilization the German military class—entirely irresponsible to a popular assembly—would always lead the way. There was a Germany which resisted this madness of hatred; in the Germany which yielded to it, there are some signs of returning sanity. Let everything be done, especially through the United States whose representatives have worked so unwearingly in this matter, to show the whole nation how base are such courses as those which have been revealed.

It was inevitable that the question of the differential treatment by us of captured submarine officers and men should occupy a prominent position in the debate, and that the wisdom of making and announcing such differentiation should be questioned in both Houses and by members of all parties. As announced, it appeared to resemble the initiation of a policy of reprisal; and it has at least brought retaliation on British officers in Germany. We have argued in favor of definitely marking off a new and unprecedented lowering of the standards of war—the deliberate destruction of the life of non-combatants upon the high seas—by a distinction of honor, of respect, between prisoners taken in such hideous work and prisoners taken in fair combat. But it should have been made quite clear from the beginning that such distinction involved no rigor against men who would be shot off-hand if they refused to obey the order for the carrying out of the so-called "submarine blockade," and that it in no sense represented a form of personal revenge. Indeed, any such reprisal would involve a Court of Inquiry, with evidence, oath, verdict, and sentence, such as no nation has yet attempted to apply against the prisoners and citizens of another. For if we appear to have evidence of brutality and callousness in the carrying out of this wretched work, such as the action of the crew of the submarine which sank the "Falaba," we have evidence of genuine attempts to rescue civilians, even at risk to the submarines themselves, which show the spirit of a ship's crew to be more generous than the spirit of the policy it has been ordered to carry out. On the whole, it would appear that the general verdict was against discrimination. We are glad that the announcement has been made publicly that the discrimination is one of honor only, and not of suffering. Amid all this wreck of the finer standards of life, let us at least err, if we must err, on the side of mercy and pity.

#### THE WAR BABIES' PROBLEM.

THE discussion of the problem of the "war babies" resembles in many respects the discussion of the alleged increase of drinking. In both cases, the discussion starts on a note of exaggeration. Sober consideration has corrected the first impressions of an imminent flood of babies, as it

has corrected the first charges of wholesale drinking in the armament centres. In both cases, again, the problem is not novel in kind; it is the consequence of conditions that are present in our normal life, and productive of precisely the same consequences. It is not only in war time that the nation suffers for the license given to monopolists to force the consumption of the kind of liquor that brings more gain to the seller than the buyer, and to withhold those that are wholesome but less profitable; it is not only in war time that conditions of living and housing which lead to undesirable conduct are a source of weakness to the State. In both cases, again, it is possible to treat the evil of which war has disclosed some new aspect in the spirit of panic or in the spirit of statesmanship. The discussion of drink will do good if it leads us to promote a more rational system; the discussion of the "war babies" will do good if it leads us to adopt a wiser and a more humane method of dealing with the whole problem of illegitimacy.

In the present case the responsibility of society to the children born under this handicap and to their mothers has been brought home by the special circumstances of the time. War means a violent disorganization of life, and great numbers of men have been uprooted from their homes and surroundings and quartered in different parts of the country under conditions that are bound to favor loose sexual relationships. Those who know how the billeting has been carried out in some of the villages will recognize that those responsible for the arrangements were apt to think of little except the necessity for getting their men under a roof at any risk or cost in this respect to the men or the inhabitants. Then, again, war is an exciting atmosphere, and it stimulates every kind of emotion and feeling among those who look on while the youth of the nation prepares itself for the hardships and dangers of the campaign. It was inevitable, therefore, that this problem should arise in some degree, and if the interest it has excited leads to some practical reforms, it will be all to the good. At present, as is well known, the death-rate among illegitimate children is far higher than among the children of married parents; in some places it is nearly three times as high. It is obvious that these children are less likely to receive proper care than those born in settled homes. One obvious and necessary step to saving and protecting this child life is to make the Notification of Births Act compulsory, and to throw upon the Public Health Authorities the duty of looking after the interests of mothers and children, whether the mothers are married or unmarried. The Chief Medical Officer of the Local Government Board laid stress in his last Report on the great and avoidable waste of infant life that the nation suffered from its carelessness about maternity and infancy. The present crisis therefore affords an excellent opportunity for awakening public opinion to the importance of the policy that was urged in the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, the policy of removing these cases entirely from the province of the Poor Law. The care of mothers and of children under all circumstances is a matter for the Public Health Authorities, who must be endowed and equipped accordingly. The child has an equal claim on society,

whether his mother is married or single, and in taking measures for preserving and protecting his health, discrimination is a cruel injustice.

But this is not the end of the problem; it is only the beginning. What is to be the future of the mother and the child? In some cases the mother will live at home and the child will be brought up with kindness and sympathy. In some, but not in all. For everybody knows that among the working classes there are many parents who are very stern to their daughters when this happens to them, and in those cases eviction often follows. In some villages the landlords have helped to create this atmosphere by the practice of compelling a laborer to choose between evicting his daughter and suffering that fate himself with his family. Now some of the proposals that have been made in the newspapers, so far from softening the hearts of such parents, will have the opposite effect of making them harder, for if the daughter's *liaison* is to draw down on her home the patronizing and inquisitorial attentions of upper-class neighbors, the parents will be more than ever indignant with the cause of this annoyance. What is wanted is some kind of provision that will save young unmarried mothers who leave, or wish to leave, their homes, from the economic drift to prostitution, and yet make unnecessary the meddlesome prying into the lives of poor people which is apt to seem to the rich the solution of every social problem. Some people suggest a special war allowance, but nobody who remembers how the agricultural laborers paid for the Speenhamland system will rush lightly into anything that would reproduce its dangers. During the war with France the upper classes thought that population could not grow too fast, and so they shut their eyes to the consequences of a system of encouraging unmarried women to have children. As one young woman with four bastard children put it, "If she had one more she should be very comfortable." The war is not over; the military occupation of large districts will continue, and it would be putting a cruel temptation before young women, taking the world as it is to-day and as it will be to-morrow, to tell them that they will be paid for any illegitimate children they produce. Nor does this solution provide for the cases in which daughters are disowned. The more hopeful plan seems to be, as Mrs. Drew suggests, to work through the voluntary agencies that already exist. Why should not the State make a grant to these institutions, and at the same time set up a committee of women administrators, like Mrs. Deane Streatfeild, Mrs. Creighton, and working women from the trade unions and Co-operative Guild, to supervise them? These institutions would make it their care to obtain employment for unmarried mothers, to help them with their children, and to look after their interests. If every girl or woman in misfortune knew that she would be welcomed to such an institution, she would know that the loss of the shelter of her home did not mean moral exile and ruin.

#### THE DARDANELLES ADVENTURE.

THE six weeks which have elapsed since the failure of the attempt to force the Narrows of the Dardanelles by naval

power alone have allowed time for critical thought. The questions which have framed themselves in all our minds gain some point from the other news of the week. Events in France suggest that the Germans are more ready than the Allies for their grand sortie from the siege to which their lines are really subject. The gain of ground by the enemy north of Ypres is not in itself serious, and at the worst, even when we add it to the last considerable German success (at Soissons), it is far from balancing the French gains in Champagne, at Les Eparges, and in Lower Alsace, together with the British gain at Neuve Chapelle. But read in connection with other movements, it does seem to inaugurate a new period in the Western campaign. One recalls the recent refusal of the Germans to grant the urgent plea of the Young Turks for the loan of a German corps to assist them in the defence of the Dardanelles. There is at least a case for inquiry when the two higher commands differ so widely in their estimate of the importance of a secondary campaign that one of them will send three corps or thereabouts for its conduct, while the other grudges even one. That is, perhaps, an unduly crude contrast, for the reason of the German refusal may not have been so much indifference to the fate of Constantinople as a doubt about the attitude of Bulgaria, on whose passive complicity the Turks seemed to speculate when they made this request. But at a moment when every man, and still more, every shell, is needed in France, questions are inevitably aimed at the policy of sparing so large a force and such vast quantities of munitions for operations which cannot directly affect the military decision of the war. The other motives for this campaign were good, but not exactly compelling. We shall not be starved for lack of grain, even if the supplies of Odessa cannot be tapped, and the Russian need of munitions will soon be eased by the opening of Archangel. It was reasonable to hope for the entry of some neutrals into the war as a result of our activity in the Near East, but that hope had faded before we were decisively committed to land operations. If ships alone could have forced the Dardanelles, the attempt would have been amply justified for the reason that these ships, unlike the army, have nothing better to do.

The real question about these operations goes somewhat further back. Was it ever reasonable to expect that an unsupported naval attack on the Narrows could be carried to success? It is not at all to the point to suggest that the plan miscarried because the King of Greece vetoed the military aid which M. Venezelos was willing to give. If this Greek co-operation had been regarded as essential, its withdrawal should, of course, have involved the abandonment of the whole enterprise. The change in the attitude of Greece was somewhat brusque, but it was known to the public (not to mention the Government) long before the naval operations reached a critical phase. Everything goes to show that the authors of our plan of attack erred by optimism. The Greeks were asked to provide only 15,000 men, one-tenth of the number of Anglo-French troops now judged to be necessary. This estimate suggests that the whole plan was drafted under the impression that the real work could be done by the ships; a very small land force might



not come amiss, but it could at need be dispensed with. It is hard to see what warrant there was for this confidence. The accepted canon of all modern naval theory and practice has always been that ships cannot cope with fortifications, where there is anything like an equality in gun-power. The Turks, as the event has shown, had plenty of big guns in and about the inner forts, including 13-in. guns. The ships, with the exception of the "Queen Elizabeth," have 12-in. guns, and they have had to face, not merely German skill, but exceptional natural conditions which immensely enhance the general presumption in favor of the land defences.

It would be easier to understand why the accepted canon was disregarded if there had been other signs that our naval command had lost faith in it. But there have been no such signs. If the canon had fallen into disrepute, there are one or two other highly profitable adventures of the same type which might have been easier than an attack on the Dardanelles. When Serbia was in dire need, a determined and well-conducted attack on Cattaro would have relieved her. When Zeebrugge became a German submarine base, it was attacked, but only, it appears, as a diversion. It may be objected that the Germans at Zeebrugge and the Austrians at Cattaro had submarines, which the Turks lack. But a drift torpedo with a swift current behind it, or a torpedo tube worked from the shore, is hardly less deadly than a submarine, and the Turks had both. The first question in regard to the Dardanelles is, then, whether there ever was a reasonable probability that ships alone could succeed. The second question is whether, when the event proved that a large landing force would be required, it was prudent to persevere in the adventure. It may be said that our prestige required almost any sacrifice. Our prestige, however, is mainly engaged in France and Flanders. Every army in this war has had to abandon some of its efforts when the cost became too high—the Germans before Warsaw and the Russians before Cracow are the most conspicuous of many instances.

The decision, right or wrong, has been taken, and we can now only pray for an early and successful issue. No time was lost in assembling the expeditionary force, and the actual landing was evidently carried out with great promptitude and efficiency. Judging from the positions chosen for the disembarkation, the plan is to attack all the forts of the Narrows simultaneously in the rear, with such aid as the guns of the ships can give. The Turks must have a potential superiority in numbers. But the ground is both limited in area and hilly in character, so that only a fraction of the Turkish armies can be deployed on it at one time. We must anticipate that the German Staff has prepared every species of artificial obstacle; but, fortunately, it will not be necessary to assault the permanent lines of Bulair, which repelled the Bulgarians in the Balkan War.

It remains to be seen whether the German officers are sufficiently numerous and have had time enough to effect a great improvement in the quality and organization of the Turkish army since 1912. They certainly have transformed the garrisons of the forts, but to give cohesion to the much larger masses which will now be engaged may not have been so easy. If the peninsula of Gallipoli

can be defended with Turkish material as the German command will scheme to defend it, the task of taking its limited surface will be comparable in extent to something like a combination of all the recent efforts at Neuve Chapelle, at Eparges, and in Champagne, added together. We know by experience at what cost in life and munitions a given number of miles or yards of trenches and entanglements can be carried in the West. The chief factor on our side may prove to be the failure in the Turkish ammunition.

The land attack is, in effect, a speculation on the chance or probability that the best Turkish troops, led by Germans, with unlimited reserves, are very far from being equal to limited numbers of the mixed German formations which hold the lines in France. It is something of a gamble, but the calculation may prove to have been sounder than that which inspired the naval effort. The news from the Western trenches inevitably makes us critical of the Dardanelles campaign, but there is no reason as yet to take the German success above Ypres too tragically. It is a gain for the enemy of a space of about seven miles by two, and that is all that it is. It is in the same category as all the bigger successes won by either side since the present lines were drawn at the approach of winter. In no case have the lines been definitely broken, and in no case has the ground won permitted a continuous advance. It is this ability to follow up a success which alone can give to these trench victories anything more than a local significance. Neither side has yet won in this fighting the sort of victory which multiplies itself indefinitely, and this German success is no exception to that rule.

## A London Diary.

THE "Times" seems to make rather a fumbling business of its policy of deposing the Prime Minister and setting up a demi-semi Coalition. That was not the old "Times'" method. If a public man was to be impeached, he was set up as a Monster of Something-or-other, and his remains were handled in the Captain Sterling manner. But the attacks on Mr. Asquith are conducted with such a multitude of reserves that one would suspect either an unconvinced writer, spurred on by a whole-hearted proprietor, or a campaigning scribe checked by a doubting over-lord. In any case the effect is so blurred as to leave an unsuspecting public (which has not the smallest interest in the matter) in doubt whether the intention is to praise the Prime Minister or to stab him in the back. Not precisely the moment, we would think, for this kind of practice. And, in any case, an amateurish adaptation of a fine old professional art.

It must, I am afraid, be assumed that Lord Bryce's Commission of Inquiry into the charges of German atrocities in Belgium have come to a melancholy but decided conclusion as to the extent and gravity of these misdeeds. I do not think this body could have been better constituted so as to exclude a sensational finding. All its members may be described as judicial in character,

or by experience, or in both these respects. Its president in particular is disqualified for violence by lifelong habit of mind and writing. After all, Lord Bryce and his colleagues can only echo a universal report. Belgium was the victim not of an invasion, but of an orgy such as no European army has perpetrated for two hundred years.

BOTH Houses of Parliament seem to have felt strongly that a mistake was made in giving a penal air to the treatment of the submarine prisoners. All that was necessary was to mark the sense of dishonor attaching to the act of killing innocent seafarers as an operation of war. That could well have been achieved by depriving these officers and men of such honor as, for example, is bestowed in the giving of military salutes. The mistake was to add any form of punishment. This, indeed, has been almost imperceptible. The submarine officers and their crews are confined in detention barracks. But their cells are comfortable, their food is good, and there is no solitary confinement. If the doors are left unlocked by a sensible gaoler, there is no bar to free intercourse with their comrades. The pity is that the Government should find themselves committed to this or that action only to learn that the facts have not been thoroughly explored, or their consequences examined, or a considered decision arrived at in full concert with the best advice available. Mr. Churchill's is a brilliant intelligence. Can it not learn by experience that the art of government goes beyond that of improvisation?

ONE of my American correspondents, from whose letters I have recently given extracts, writes me:—

"No importance should be attached in England to the appeal by about 250 newspapers, printed in foreign languages, to the Government to prohibit the exportation of war materials. This was a one-day sensation, all the leading papers having a whole-page advertisement. But it has transpired that the whole thing was got up by a rich man of German origin, who has paid the whole expenses (some 15,000 dollars) out of his own pocket; and many of the editors concerned admitted that they had not seen the appeal when allowing the signature of their paper to appear. Naturally, the protest remains without influence."

I SHOULD be afraid to say how many poems commemorative of Rupert Brooke I have received since the news of his untimely death in Lemnos, a death of which he had a constant and always strengthening prevision. None of our young poets so caught the imagination of his contemporaries as this brilliant young writer, the darling of his college and University. One can understand this adoration, for if ever a man looked like a poet, it was he. The beauty of his face was not all due to its wonderful coloring, for its expression had something of the eager brightness of Shelley's, and a look, too (if that is not too fanciful), of the younger Byron. Yet it is hard to speak with confidence either of his poetic aims or their achievement. I suppose he would not have written poetry had it not been for Keats; and yet with his great gift of expression and natural sense of beauty, one was always conscious of a lack of compelling force, or it might be of fullness of imagination, or of an impulse to say the reverse of what it was in his

heart to say, a diversion to newer and harder moods of thought and artistry than his soul was born to. Nor was he precisely a painter-poet, like his friend, Flecker, who, like him, has joined the invisible choir when his singing day on earth had hardly begun. So, with his joyous and free nature, he remained more of a personal idol of his friends than a maker of verse that had the authentic mark of life and inspiration.

MEANWHILE my readers may be interested to renew acquaintance with a poem of his which appeared in THE NATION of September 24th, 1910:—

#### THE GODDESS IN THE WOOD.

In a flowered dell the lady Venus stood  
Amazed with sorrow. Down the morning one  
Far golden horn in the gold of trees and sun  
Rang out; and held; and died. . . She thought the wood  
Grew quieter. Wing, and leaf, and pool of light  
Forgot to dance. Dumb lay the unfalling stream.  
Life one eternal instant rose in dream  
Clear out of time, poised on a golden height . . .  
Till a swift terror broke the abrupt hour.  
The gold waves purred amidst the green above her;  
And a bird sang. With one sharp-taken breath,  
By sunlit branches and unshaken flower,  
The immortal limbs flashed to the human lover,  
And the immortal eyes, to look on death.

AN instructive story reaches me from a friend who had something to do with the success of the recent recruiting boom—a movement, it will be remembered, which was well afoot some days before the latest Ypres battle. Several of the recruits, on being asked why they had not joined earlier in the war, replied that they had been waiting for conscription, which their employers told them would be coming soon. Whether the employers had used this argument in good faith or with the object of retaining the services of their men, is uncertain. In either case the effect of their conscriptionist talk (as probably of conscriptionist talk in general) was to hold back from the army a number of recruits who might now have been completing their training instead of just beginning it.

As the casualty lists tell of the losses of the regiments of Territorials or the new armies, they show more and more that every class and kind of life is represented in the sacrifices of the nation. This week, for example, one of the principal officials of a Government Department is reported killed in action. Major Lees, of the Queen Victoria Rifles, killed near Ypres, was Assistant Secretary of the Civil Service Commission. I am told by one who knew him that he was an admirable type of civil servant, a conscientious, high-minded man who never spared himself, governed by a single sense of duty. It was characteristic of him that he devoted all his leisure time to making himself a soldier by study and training, with the result that he distinguished himself in the examinations for field rank in the army.

I HEAR good accounts of the progress of the Great Britain to Poland and Galicia Fund. Five hundred soup kitchens have been set up in Warsaw, and a scheme of travelling buffets is being organized for the relief of the country districts, from which come dreadful tales of



the starvation and utter helplessness of the people, whose all has been taken from them during the passage of the contending armies. In no theatre of war is the need greater, and those who feel for it will do well to send help in time.

A WAYFARER.

### INTRIGUE.

It would be hard to imagine a moment less appropriate than the present to the suggestion of political change. The country is at the crisis of the great Continental struggle; even if its national life be no longer at stake, it does not yet know definitely what the issue will be or with what measure of power it will emerge from this war of Continents. Therefore, it can only think of a change in the character of its governors if it has reason to believe that its cause is being defended on entirely wrong principles (*e.g.*, on the system of voluntary service instead of by conscription), or by incompetent men in the civil and military commands, or in both. It is enough to say that neither of these things is anywhere seriously alleged. No open attack is made, save in regard to specific operations, like those in the Dardanelles, as to which inquiry or fair criticism is proper enough. And no general failure of policy or direction is charged against the Government or its chief servants in the field.

What, then, is alleged or suggested in a group of newspapers, of which the "Times" is the most important, though an extremely fugitive, member? This. With as little definite statement as possible, it is hinted that certain Ministers—the Prime Minister, Lord Haldane, Mr. McKenna (at times Sir Edward Grey)—are inferior to their colleagues in wisdom, energy, resourcefulness, and power of organization; that other Ministers—such as Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill—are not open to these criticisms; and that the nation might do well to replace its less efficient servants by others. The list varies from time to time, one Minister stepping down from the pillory and another taking his place. An obviously slighting treatment of Lord Kitchener is a recurring feature of these manoeuvres. In effect, the movement is one for dispossessing the present Government, which takes the leaders of the Opposition into council on important issues of the campaign, but accepts full responsibility for its success or failure, in favor of a Coalition, of which Mr. Balfour would be the most conspicuous member, though Mr. Law and Mr. Chamberlain are added as an emergency afterthought. An index finger is usually pointed at Mr. Lloyd George—notably in the "Pall Mall Gazette"—as the governing spirit of such an Administration.

The subject retires into a corner when it is noticed; and re-emerges when the eyes of the nation are turned on to the battlefields of Flanders or Galicia. The two or three promoters of the intrigue take no account of the fact that its chief victim, Mr. Lloyd George, has indignantly repudiated it, and that it would be monstrous to associate him with an attack on a chief with whom he is on terms of cordiality. And they either ignore or overlook the consideration that members of the Government (*e.g.*, Sir Edward Grey) who might con-

ceivably be unaffected by its success would refuse to serve in a Coalition, and that such a change, promoted with little thought or sincerity, and no compelling cause, would dislocate the personal relationships which regulate harmonious and well-conducted Administrations. This confusion would be of obvious service to the enemy. It is impossible to imagine one compensating gain to the nation. A country which at such a pass changed its managers for a shallow whim would be ill-regarded all the world over.

And with reason. We are not governed by a despotism. A Cabinet is a Committee before whose president comes an immense number of questions which can only be resolved by a high degree of intelligence, fortified by experience and unusual powers of work and close criticism. Neither this nor any country has a super-abundant supply of these qualities. The Prime Minister's command of them is acknowledged. What, then, is alleged against him? The case of England needs to be presented with gravity and skill. It has been so presented. The management of the most difficult war ever fought calls for energy and initiative. They have not been wanting. There have been errors in this tremendous work of improvisation. Of course there have. Against whom is the account laid? Save for specific mistakes of naval and semi-naval strategy, or for an incident of pre-war policy, which has been completely misstated, and for which the entire Cabinet was fully responsible, such as the Haldane Mission to Berlin, no act of accusation worth the name has been drawn. The country—which is indifferent to these proceedings and ignorant of their motive or their inspirer—is invited, by a sly process of attrition, to assist at the wearing away of the influence of two or three politicians in order to bring others into high relief. A bad end if pursued as an adventure of cheap journalism, or for reasons out of proportion to its conceivable gains, or without regard to the material perils and difficulties of the hour, or in the interests of party, whose worst temper it must revive. So long as the country benefits by the union of critical power and initiative which the Asquith-George-Grey combination may be held to represent, it is mere light-heartedness to suggest its severance, or to give experience and knowledge less than their due in it. It is a still more inconsequent proceeding to make this movement turn on the personality of a statesman who is detached from both parties, and whose intelligence is that of an observer rather than of a man of action.

But the most serious disservice is to the spirit of public criticism. To honest criticism this Government has, by the present conditions of the tenure of its office, opened itself without reserve. It ceased to be an organ of party on the day when it took Lord Kitchener into its councils, and the Opposition into a part at least of its confidence. All its collective actions, and those of each of its members discharging high executive functions, are open to full examination. It requires Parliamentary supervision and discussion—and the debates on the censorship, on German behavior to our prisoners, and our own treatment of the officers and men captured on German submarines, show that both

Houses are largely disengaged from the spirit of party. We do not know what measures of social and economic readjustment the war may ultimately bring. They may be of the widest character. Wars have no mercy for the reputations of those who conduct them, and many perish in the fierce light of after-criticism. But for the moment the business of the nation is to preserve in its leaders the stock of qualities which are indispensable to it. The Opposition can desire nothing else, for apart from the common obligation to sustain the country in her hour of need, their chiefs cannot desire to assume responsibility for a half-finished enterprise, in the initiation of which they had no direct share. Mr. Law and Mr. Chamberlain have contributed the kind of criticism for which the occasion calls; and if they select its tone and measure, it is an ill service to them and to the country to force the note of disruptive faction.

H. W. M.

## Life and Letters.

### THE REASONED HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

It is possible to argue that if every man lived the full natural term of life, his faculties of mind and body yielding to a slow, gradual process of enfeeblement and dissolution, the problem of personal survival after death would never have arisen. For in such cases, comparatively rare in the actual history of man, the desire for death, as Metchnikoff remarks, would gradually displace the desire for life. The process of physical and psychical dissolution would appear one and inseparable, and the friends and lovers of the departing one would not wish to arrest or to reverse the evident decree of Nature. But when, as usually happens, the rapid ravage of disease or some external violence brings life to an untimely close, the faculties of mind and spirit unimpaired up to the end, the craving for more life unquenched, the case alike for the victim and for his friends is very different. Though every superficial evidence seems to attest that the personality they knew and loved has perished, the insistent desire, the hope, the belief that this is not the case, and that somehow and somewhere the spiritual core of personality survives, have always taken root in the mind and heart of men. Most religions have consecrated the belief and afforded it miraculous supports, most sages and philosophers have found in it a testimony to the triumph of the spiritual over the material conditions of life. Questions there have been at all times; materialists to whom the soul has been a "function" of the brain; pessimistic thinkers to whom life, human or other, is destitute of permanent value, or to whom the entire cosmic process is itself unmeaning; lofty spiritual monists for whom all human personality is a brief severance from the single reality of the Divine Being. But Western civilization, with its ever strengthening stress on individual personality as a supreme value for all purposes on earth, has always fed this craving for personal immortality. So long as orthodox religion held unchallenged sway over the minds of men, at any rate in moments of spiritual emergency, the "sure and certain hope" which it averred gave consolation and expelled all doubts. But it is different in these days, when the cardinal tenets of Christianity have weakened their hold upon all classes and the inroads of a sceptical spirit are everywhere discernible.

The terrible events of to-day must be giving

poignant reality to the searchings after some "reasonable" hope of survival among myriads of sorrowing friends to whom the anchorage of religious orthodoxy is no longer available. To recommend the reading of a controversial book to those steeped in such anguish of mind may seem but "vacant chaff, well-meant for grain." But when some more reflective mood has supervened, there is a place for the considered argument of such a book as that just written by the well-known American divine, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, and entitled "Is Death the End?" (Putnam). At first sight there may appear to fastidious minds something artificially repellent in the careful building up of a synthetic case for immortality which Mr. Holmes presents. But the book constitutes as cogent a presentation of the grounds of hope as we have found anywhere. As an American, Mr. Holmes has naturally recognized psychology to be his most recent and most potent adversary. For American psychology has been much concerned with reducing the psychic to terms of physical measurement and expression. William James, it is true, stood out for a spiritual independence and dominion. But the general trend of psychological study has been to emphasize the close interdependence of soul and body, and to dissolve the unity of the former into a multiple and fluctuating process of consciousness, in which the tight, consistent personality of the older unity is almost lost. The writer does not, in fact, closely cope with this inductive reasoning, but grounds himself upon the two related premisses to which James himself gave prominence, the efficacy of intense human desire to fulfil its purpose, and the inferential hypothesis of a spiritual universe operating through the medium of matter, its master, not its servant. The creative power of an intense and persistent desire to achieve its end, and the evidence which such desire affords of a natural tendency to realize that end, are lately recognized factors in organic, and especially in conscious, evolution. The strong and well-nigh universal craving to persist after death is either an economy of Nature, designed to assist the personality in carrying out the unfulfilled possibilities and unaccomplished aims of the single earthly life, or else it is a wanton waste of energy, a process to which Nature is not prone. It is true that science has been a great dispeller of popular illusions, but none of them has been supported by so general and powerful an urge of feeling as the idea of personal survival:—

"I feel conscious of immortality," said Theodore Parkes; "that I am not to die, no never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe that this desire of consciousness is felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me."

But it is in reality upon the broader spiritual hypothesis that the writer mainly relies for his confidence in immortality. Man cannot regard the universe otherwise than as a rational, a moral system. This human rational demand has itself evolved as a natural process, and must be in some sense a token and a guarantee of the general rationality of the whole. It is true that it is the spirit of man which gives this rational value and meaning to the world. But he cannot do otherwise. Deny the validity of his action, and you have an intellectual and moral chaos, you are reduced, in Fiske's language, to "permanent intellectual confusion." In other words, reason and morals require that the fragmentary nature of life, the palpable injustice, the miserably inadequate distribution of opportunities, which a survey of individual lives here on earth displays, shall be repaired and brought into harmony by longer continued facilities of personal development. The assumption of this necessary condition, our writer



argues, is not irrational, save in the sense in which all the great working assumptions of science itself are irrational. "The conception of immortality is true, in the same way that all the greater conceptions of science are true—because the integrity of the human mind, and the rationality of human experience, make necessary its reality." Grant the fundamentally spiritual nature of the universe, spirit gradually subduing refractory matter to its purposes, this spiritual life of man will use the brain and body as transmitting media. "According to this idea, there is no more reason why the soul should be regarded as dead when the body perishes than that the light of the sun should be regarded as extinguished when the glass in my window, which transmits it, is covered by a curtain."

This theory, however, leaves certain doubts and difficulties which it would be unfair altogether to ignore. The modern Western personalism assumes the permanence of separate souls, a spiritual individualism that stresses the "many" at the expense of the "one." Though in the very language of our creed the soul "returns to its Maker," we do not give to this "return" the full meaning which Eastern thought, less careful of the individual, would assign. In other words, do reason and an ethical conception of the universe demand an eternal severance of the human personality from the divine whole, or is this very personal craving one that may disappear when the nature of man becomes more spiritual? The other difficulty is of a more practical order. Mr. Holmes thinks that "not physical recognition but spiritual communion" alone is required. The body "conceals and distorts quite as often as it reveals." "Soul will call to soul and answer from each to each will never fail." But does a merely spiritual survival and communion really satisfy the desire of those who crave another life for those they love and have lost? It is idle to pretend that it does. Love absolutely refuses to accept this opposition of the physical and the spiritual. It seeks "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," and no anemic resurrection will fill this human longing. Eternal life, if it is to be a reality, needs a body that is incorruptible in order to give a full meaning to that human personality which we prize so far beyond all other values that we cannot allow it to be subject to the law of dissolution and mortality which elsewhere prevails.

#### THE ROOTS OF ZIONISM.

AN haphazard mention of Jerusalem the other day recalled to our recollection an aged Russian gentleman whom it was once our privilege to know in the Near East. He was nearing his hundredth birthday, but age had not dimmed his rather sardonic intelligence, though it had illuminated his memories of youth and early manhood with a contemporary glow and passion. His favorite topic was the Crimean War. The choice of this contentious theme was not deliberately tactless. He was the soul of old-world courtesy, and like most Russians he usually forgot that we had any share in those distant battles. Like Tolstoy, in "Sevastopol," he was capable of discussing the whole siege at length, without once mentioning our secondary part in it. It was commonly the sight of a Greek priest strolling down the road in front of his garden which started these reminiscences, and he would fling out a torrent of taunts and jeers at the whole race of mankind, when he recalled that the Crimean War had its origin in a dispute over the holy places of Palestine. The Holy Sepulchre, it is true, did not figure prominently in Palmerston's speeches, and the contest for it has well-nigh faded from our national

traditions. But we suspect that it still glows as a chivalrous memory in the Russian consciousness, nor does the average Russian usually quote the Lucretian line about the mischiefs of religion, as our old gentleman did, when he recollects it. An Anglo-French fleet is once more in the Dardanelles, and every phase of the Eastern Question is again in our thoughts. We are making and unmaking Caliphs, when we are not tracing the future of railways. But who has paused to consider that long romantic phase of the Eastern Question which endured from the first preaching of Peter the Hermit to the days of the Tsar Nicholas? We are not at all sure that the Russia of Mr. Stephen Graham might not even now recover its crusading concern in Jerusalem. But for us the Holy Land, if it ever becomes anything more than an item in some Power's Syrian sphere of influence, will live in quite another context. And this context, to our thinking, has a romantic interest at least as alluring as the other. If nationality is our principle in this war, and if the Ottoman Empire is doomed to dissolution, why should not the dream of Zionism be realized by the reconstitution in Palestine of a Jewish homeland?

The Gentile world has been at small pains to understand the real point of Zionism. It was intelligible enough to us all that Jews should turn with longing and passion to the thought of finding some free soil, to which they could direct the refugees from the humiliations and oppressions of the Ghetto and the Pale. If on that free soil they could erect some kind of national state, the ambition, we thought, was natural, though somewhat Utopian. But when the problem was stated in these crude terms, the answer of common sense was only too obvious. The refugees from the shadows and terrors of the Eastern Ghetto do not turn to Zion at all. Their New Jerusalem is on the banks of the Hudson, and they are satisfied to become citizens of a Republic which welcomes and absorbs them. Even if one could imagine in Palestine a material well-being which could compete with the allurements of the New World, what fraction of Russian Jewry could it accommodate? To the Zionist the very certainty that the population of the Eastern Ghettos would more and more abandon the land of bondage to settle in America was an additional reason for building up a national centre in Palestine. The life of the Ghetto might be degrading and perilous. There the Jew wore, from childhood to old age, the badge of hopeless servitude; his economic existence was straitened; the avenues to learning and progress were closed, and the terror of overt persecution was never absent for long. But in this hostile environment he remained a Jew. Precisely because he was repelled by an intolerant Christianity, he kept his own religious and national traditions. Here the ambition of an able man was still to devote his mind, perhaps in poverty, certainly in obscurity, to a life of study and contemplation. The traditional lore survived, and Hebrew was still the learned tongue. When the Ghetto-bred youth merged into the spacious life of the States, it was a secular and international atmosphere which welcomed and engulfed him. Mr. Zangwill has dramatized the process in his deeply interesting play, "The Melting Pot," but his sympathetic acceptance of the merging of the Jew in a new cosmopolitan society, a nation with no racial basis, is not the attitude of all patriotic Jews. To their thinking, the Jew who allows himself to be assimilated ceases to be a Jew, and he becomes nothing else. They see the world's most ancient heritage in danger, and the prospect seems to them uncompensated loss. Certainly in a free and tolerant country, the Jew may become a valuable and influential citizen. But there is much in

our traditions which he cannot acquire or appropriate. Naturalization will not give him the intangible spiritual stuff of habit and thought which has come to us from our religion and our history. The paradox of the process is, moreover, that the more complete the assimilation becomes, the less is the Jew able to contribute on his own account to the storehouse of our common civilization. He retains his quick wits, his adaptability, his energy, but he does not carry over to us the richer treasures of his ancestral heritage. We gain a citizen, a unit, a capable individual, but the racial tradition is lost.

Zionism is a large reaction against this whole process of assimilation, and the idea of a return of some fraction of the race to Palestine is only a means to an end. The end is that the Jew everywhere should retain his racial self-consciousness, and with it the self-respect which every man loses in some degree who strives to seem what he is not. It views with a mingled contempt and regret the Jew of whom his Christian friends will say, that "one would never guess that he was a Jew." It seeks to arrest the decay of that racial pride which alone can preserve the special intellectual and social significance of Judaism. The world would be much the poorer if it were to mean the withdrawal of the best minds in the younger generation of Jews from intellectual and social movements which ought to have no exclusive basis in racial or religious particularism. It does not mean this, or it will not mean it, when it has passed the stage of a rather combative protest. On the contrary, it will mean that the Jew who enters these movements will bring with him what is of more worth than his individual capacity, his share of tremendously educative racial experience. Nor do we think that this self-respecting Neo-Judaism is likely to foster anti-Semitism; on the contrary, that ugly tendency is always excited by its suspicions of the concealed Jew.

It is an integral part of the doctrine of this revived Judaism that the Jewish race, like every other nationality, must possess a homeland. Somewhere the tradition must acquire a mass-consciousness, somewhere this religion, which is, above all else, ethical and social, must stand embodied in a society which observes it. The function of the Ghetto in conserving it is ceasing to operate. The dispersion of the Jewish race is a fact which nothing can alter, but, as Mr. Leon Simon argues in a recent pamphlet on "Zionism," even a dispersed race can retain its identity if it has somewhere a home; as the Irish race, the world over, retains its individuality by its common attraction to Ireland. A restored Palestine would become a place of pilgrimage, but, above all, it would become a centre of education. A Jewish University at Jerusalem would do for Judaism what the Sorbonne and Bologna did for the Christian world in the Dark Ages, what the Azhar did for Islam. It would permit at once the consolidation and the diffusion of a national culture. In its early stages, when Turkey seemed on the point of dissolution, Zionism laid stress on the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine, under international guarantees. The Turkish revolution forced that aspect of the programme into the background. It is conceivable that the issue of the present war may revive it.

Certainly there is no motive which might carry any other nation to Palestine which would not seem frivolous and trivial beside the passionate nostalgia which makes it to this day the centre of Jewish hopes. The Christian world has long ago repented its past of persecution, but it has performed no act of reparation. The old-world pilgrim went in person with his staff and cockleshell to Jerusalem to do penance for his own sins. The graceful

and generous act in us would be to expiate by a vicarious pilgrimage all the accumulated wrongs done by our fathers between Lincoln and Kischineff. How better could we make amends than by smoothing the return of the exile to the home which the sentiment of twenty centuries has cherished with an unquenchable hope? In the dreams of the seers and the mystics is it not the Return of the Jews which crowns the end of wars and the discomfiture of Antichrist? It is a good prophecy to fulfil.

#### THE COMEDY OF SELF.

THE present writer was brought up, like other people, to accept the "Alcestis" as a lesson in the noblest self-devotion. He was taught to see in a woman's sacrifice of her own life as a substitute for her husband's the highest example of characteristic feminine behavior. He was instructed in Paley's simple-hearted effort at dramatic criticism—that the play was a triumph of pathos, especially of "that peculiar sort of pathos which comes most home to us, with our views and partialities for domestic life." But in spite of all this admirable teaching, he shocked and grieved his Victorian school-master by maintaining that the play was a farce, Admetus a beast, and Alcestis a bit of a fool.

The criticism was too violent. It might be pardoned only as a boy's impetuous reaction against the shallow and easy sentiment of the time, as shown in the further passage from Paley which Professor Gilbert Murray quotes in introducing the "Alcestis" which he has just added to his great series of translations: "As for the characters, that of Alcestis must be acknowledged to be pre-eminently beautiful. One could almost imagine that Euripides had not yet conceived that bad opinion of the sex which so many of the subsequent dramas exhibit. But the rest are hardly well-drawn, or, at least, pleasingly portrayed." But although Professor Murray regards the weakness of that criticism as due more to timidity of statement than to lack of perception, we think the outburst of boyish violence had more life in it than this complacent acceptance of classic tradition. And we think so all the more because Professor Murray has himself shown us how sure an insight into the nature of man, and especially of woman, was possessed by Euripides, and how incredibly false was that well-worn doctrine as to his "bad opinion of the sex."

To call the play a farce was not such a bad shot, after all. Professor Murray quotes one authority who thinks it a parody, and a very funny one. He himself calls it a "pro-Satyrical" play—a drama taking the place of the old Satyr play, which was inserted after the tragic trilogies, we suppose, to send the audience home in a cheerful spirit; as though one were to finish up "Hamlet" with a Harlequinade. Relics of the Satyr drama are visible in the drunken Heracles, his wrestling-bout with Death, and in all the story of the jolly miracle which brought Alcestis home again from the grave. But the coarseness and roughness of the old half-animal joy in existence which the Satyr symbolized, have been toned down or trimmed away by the poet. In Professor Murray's words, it is as though the plot of a farce was pondered over and made more true to human character, till it emerged as a refined and rather pathetic comedy. "All the figures in the story," he continues, "instead of being left broadly comic or having their psychology neglected, are treated delicately, sympathetically, with just that faint touch of satire, or



at least of amusement, which is almost inseparable from a close interest in character."

Certainly the poet shows very close interest in the character of Admetus, though we can hardly allow that the touch of satire, or at least of amusement, in the treatment is faint. It was natural for a boy to call Admetus a beast, because a boy feels the assurance of the Last Judgment in dividing the good from the bad, and from both classes he expects more of goodness or badness than he will ever find in life. But Admetus is not exactly a beast. He is just an ordinary type of man, rather above the average than below. If he had not won the privilege of saving his life by inducing someone to die for him, he would have passed very well for a "good sort" in youth, and "quite decent" in middle-age. Even in hospitable Greece his generous hospitality was conspicuous. It had, indeed, won him that embarrassing privilege of dodging death by putting someone else in his place. He is proud of this reputation, and likes to maintain it. Even while his wife lies dead in the house, he receives Heracles as his guest. When his citizens raise conventional objections, he affects worldly prudence as his motive; if ever he went to Argos, it would be convenient to have Heracles there as a friend ready to stand him a drink in that thirsty land. That is the sort of excuse which citizens appreciate, but probably his real motive was less calculating. For he was a good-hearted fellow, and felt happier and more comfortable when those about him were happy and comfortable too.

It is true there is something a little stiff and conventional about him, making him one with his subjects, as a King should be. Hardly has Alcestis died for him before his eyes—hardly has their little boy uttered his childlike questions and appeals (one of the tenderest passages in Euripides—tender with restrained pathos down to the very order of the words) when Admetus begins issuing instructions for the Court mourning. All loyal subjects are to cut their hair, wear black, and crop their horses' manes. What is more, no one is to play the fiddle, flute, or harp, so long as the Court mourning lasts—that is to say, for a full twelvemonth. Upon the King himself this restriction must have fallen particularly hard, for he was a man of culture, with a pretty taste in music. He could play, and from the amusements which he swears to renounce we may deduce his habitual method of beguiling the leisure hours. In the presence of his dying wife, after granting her persistent appeal that he will not marry again and expose her children to a step-mother's care, he continues:—

"An end shall be of revel, and an end  
Of crowns and song and mirth of friend with friend,  
Wherewith my house was glad. I ne'er again  
Will touch the lute, nor ease my heart of pain  
With pipes of Afric. All the joys I knew,  
And joys were many, thou has broken in two."

As became a man of culture and a Greek, he had, besides, a fine feeling for sculpture. "Oh, I will find some artist," he continues:—

"Oh, I will find some artist, wondrous wise,  
Shall mould for me thy shape, thine hair, thine eyes,  
And lay it in thy bed; and I will lie  
Close, and reach out mine arms to thee, and cry  
Thy name into the night, and wait and hear  
My own heart breathe: 'Thy love, thy love is near.'  
A cold delight; yet might it ease the sum  
Of sorrow."

This vow in the presence of his dying wife to find his only future consolation in the statue—the photograph, as we should say—of the dear departed, reveals the temperament of a highly cultured official rather than

of "a beast," in the ordinary sense of the word. It is more than royal. It surpasses the saying of one of our own beloved kings to his dying wife: "I shall never marry again. I shall keep mistresses."

Having wrought his feelings up to the point of taking these vows against practising music and marrying again, Admetus next appeals to his wife to await him in the tomb that they might be side by side in a cedar coffin. "Oh, wait for me at heaven's gate," was the burden of a song that deeply touched our fathers' hearts. The eloquence of the appeal is almost irresistible, and, indeed, Admetus is an eloquent person—eloquent, romantic, capable of grand language and of emotions to match, no less powerful for being rather transient. But irresistible as such an appeal might seem, Alcestis resists it. She takes no notice of it at all. Perhaps she had no particular desire to extend her matrimony into the tomb. She answers eloquence by the best answer that eloquence can receive—the flattest and most matter-of-fact statement. "You notice, children," she says, "that your father has promised not to marry again." Throughout the play she speaks and acts in the same straightforward, businesslike, and entirely unsentimental manner. She is a complete example of what George Meredith called the practical sex. She did not want to die, for, like everyone else, she liked living and was frightened of death. Above all, she hated the thought of leaving her children. But she had made the bargain, and was going to stick to it. Apparently, she had made the bargain some time ago, and it had been the talk of the countryside; Heracles, at all events, had heard of it before he arrived. Already she was held up to admiration as the very exemplar of wifely duty, and she thoroughly appreciated her high repute. She valued her sacrifice at its proper price, and frequently refers to it lest its value should be overlooked. She points out to her husband that, if he had died his own death, she might in due course have married any rich Thessalian King she chose. But as she had agreed to make the sacrifice, she would go through with it without unnecessary fuss, comforting herself with such consolation as posthumous fame might afford.

Certainly, she was a nice, sensible woman, kind to her servants, and devoted to her children. It would be harsh to call her a bit of a fool. And yet the father of Admetus, who knew her well and much admired her action (for it came as a great relief to himself, since his son and others had looked to him for the distasteful sacrifice)—old Pheres calls her by a word which Professor Murray translates "blind," but which might as closely be translated "fool." One feels, says Professor Murray, that Alcestis herself had seen through her husband. That, we take it, is pretty obvious. Her mistake or folly lay, not in blindness to his nature, but in undertaking a passionate sacrifice for such a man without any passionate affection. Professor Murray says "her love is hardly conscious. She does not talk about it at all. She is merely wrapped up in the welfare of certain people, first her husband, and then her children." We agree that she does not talk about her love for Admetus. In the text we can find only one hint of it (line 287: "I did not care to live with orphan children, when once bereft of you"). It is true, Professor Murray makes her call him "husband, dear." But there is no "dear" in the Greek text. We believe there is not one "dear" applied by her to her husband in the whole play, though "dear" is a frequent word in Greek, and between married people meant no more than with us. Why, except by the law of nature's universal perversity, should any woman say "dear" to such a man?

But Professor Murray does not give Admetus up. He finds an almost continuous process of self-discovery and self-judgment in him. He thinks that he came back from his wife's burial a changed man; that he had learnt his lesson—not completely and for ever, but as well as most of us learn such lessons. Browning's Balaustion says the same:—

"We felt how deep had been descent in grief,  
And with what change he came up now to light."

It is impossible to read the words of Admetus after his return from the funeral without feeling some such hope. Eloquence, romance, and sentiment have fallen away. He sees the truth about himself plainly, stripped of the treacherous mists of fear. He sees that in saving his life he has lost it—saved life and lost the causes of living—lost honor and kept only grief. It is a remarkable revelation. For a time, at least, he becomes a man transfigured, and one can only hope that the restoration of Alcestis to his side did not make him quite himself again.

#### RUPERT BROOKE.

My first meeting with him was characteristic. I had been going through one or two drawers full of manuscript poems offered to a paper of which I was taking charge for a short time. I soon noticed that the verses signed "Rupert Brooke" had a distinction miserably rare among the rest. So I wrote and asked him to come and see me about them.

Suddenly he came—an astonishing apparition in any newspaper office. Loose hair of deep, brown-gold; smooth, ruddy face; eyes not grey or bluish-white, but of living blue, really like the sky, and as frankly open; figure not very tall, but firm and strongly made, giving the sense of weight rather than speed, and yet so finely fashioned and healthy that it was impossible not to think of the line about "a pard-like spirit." He was dressed just in the ordinary way, except that he wore a low blue collar, and blue shirt and tie, all uncommon in those days. Evidently he did not want to be conspicuous, but the whole effect was almost ludicrously beautiful.

After my first gasp of joyful surprise, we went through his poems and I chose out one especially, only asking him to tone down a line, merely for the sake of the paper. He said he would, but in the end he did not, and probably he was right. The poem stands in his collection under the heading "Menelaus and Helen."

The scene was characteristic because, up to last year at all events, I think he lived in continual protest against beauty. He could not escape the knowledge that he was singularly beautiful in body and mind. If he had not known it by comparison with others, there were plenty of men and women to tell him so. In spite of this knowledge, he remained entirely modest. Few men so gifted in every way—certainly very few literary men—were so strangely free from conceit, so perfectly ready to stand on the common ground of casual intercourse. But I think the fear of being petted and fussed over for his beauty—the fear of falling into a flattered literary career, and of winning fame as one more beautiful poet of beautiful themes—drove him into violence and coarseness for salvation.

One feels that kind of protest in a good many of his poems—in "Thoughts on the Shape of the Human Body," in the "Menelaus and Helen" just mentioned, in "Jealousy," with its appalling description of unloving love-making grown old, and in the sea-sick love-sickness of "A Channel Passage." For fear of singing about love

too much, he often turned to picture its miserable ending and decay, as in "Kindliness" or "Dining-room Tea." Even in his last year's poems on the war he speaks with scorn of "all the little emptiness of love"; he couples it with "half-men and their dirty songs." In all this, I think, he was afraid of himself, afraid of beauty. He was driven into violent reaction against the popular idea of poetry. He was revolutionary, Futuristic, so strongly in revolt against traditional prettiness that he was ready to let beauty go hang with it, unless beauty could be extracted even from hideousness and disgust.

That seemed to me the marked characteristic of the poet, at least up to his last year, though no one denies the simpler beauty of much that he wrote. And I think it was the same with him in life. Horror of the usual poetic existence urged him to scenes of rough life and adventure. It sent him hurrying off to backwoods and South Seas. It made him ask me to take him as my servant (my "squire" we called it) to some campaign, I suppose the Balkan Wars, and I wish from my heart that I had been able to do so. It was this, in the end, that drove him to join the Royal Naval Division, in which he has now died. His last year's poems on the war prove it, especially the poem called "Peace," beginning "Now, God be thanked who has matched us with this hour."

It is hard to realize that a being so splendid in vitality is now dead, killed by a mere disease such as lots of us have suffered. It is not only because he died young and died in Greece, that he reminds one of Byron. He was possessed by the same exuberant and adventurous spirit, the same protesting passion of revolt, and also the same delight in real existence. His grip upon the larger issues of the world might have been like Byron's. No one could less resemble the common British idea of a poet, and yet in reality he was a poet of a type peculiarly English, both in his modesty and in his love of action. In his own epitaph he wrote:—

"If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England."

It is so that we may think of a field in Lemnos now.

H. W. N.

### Music.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE THREE B'S FESTIVAL.

THERE can hardly have been one hearer at last week's Bach-Beethoven-Brahms Festival who did not realize that at each concert he was in the presence of a greater musical personality than any other country has ever been able to produce. Compared with these giants, the modern Frenchmen are merely delightful children. If she only knew it, Germany has much more effective ways of imposing her culture upon the world than by bomb and torpedo. In face of her music there is simply nothing for it but for us to bend the knee; to adapt the saying of Goethe to his fellow-countrymen *à propos* of Napoleon—we may rattle our chains, but the fellows are too strong for us.

The most impressive thing in connection with music such as we had last week is the way in which these men move habitually among the topmost grandeurs of art, striding from peak to peak as easily as we smaller mortals walk the level earth. Sublimity seems their normal atmosphere. Brahms, great as he was, comes short of the stature of the other two; but he is of their company, though not with a seat by right at the head table; between Bach and Beethoven there is room there for Wagner only. But one could not listen to the first ten bars of the Brahms Requiem without feeling at once that here also was a mind accustomed to ponder upon the greatest things in a great way. And no thinking



person could have sat there and not realized, with a pang, the folly of the men who make war and the wisdom of the men who practise peace. For the music never struck us as being German music; it was simply the music of humanity—the noblest accents in which any of us who have been bereaved could mourn our dead, or find the honey of consolation and hope. The grave, wise opening phrases of the work alone seemed to reduce the whole European conflict to a sort of pitiful irrelevance. It is an ironic commentary on the claims of our musical patriots to do our musical thinking for us just now, that for the expression of the deepest emotions the war can stir in us we have to go to the great composers of the race with whom we are at war. And the lesson should be an instructive one. There is nothing in the German *quâ* German that makes him any more musical than the Briton *quâ* Briton. In each year's births, the average number of minds potentially musical must be about the same in every country. What determines the emergence or the disappearance of this ability is simply the economic factor. To expect more than the merest fraction of the musical ability of England to come to fruition in a country that has few concerts, hardly any opera, and few careers for musicians, is like sowing seed on a rock and expecting a field of corn. The Germans are so great in music simply because for centuries their political constitution and their social habits have provided innumerable opportunities for musical ability to reveal itself. In France, on the other hand, everything centred in Paris, while in Paris the license of the Académie Royale made everything centre in the opera; there was consequently hardly any career possible to a musician except as an operatic writer for a fickle, superficial, cosmopolitan public. Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms are merely the products of a system that, by vastly increasing the area of selection, has made it less likely than in any other country that musical genius will be diverted into any other than its proper channel. The moral is the one I have already insisted on here—that the only way to call out the best musical genius there may be in our race is to enlarge enormously our general musical life so as to provide careers for musicians. A Wagner born into the England of the nineteenth century would have had no more chance of developing into a dramatic composer than Napoleon would have had of becoming a military leader in a country of Quakers; each of them would probably have taken to business, and been lost to the art for which he was by nature most fitted.

The festival as a whole enhanced the reputation of M. Verbruggen, who is evidently a conductor of great temperament, for the most part well under the control of a fine plastic sense. It is no small thing to have borne the burden of six continuous days' conducting of some of the sublimest music in the world, and never to have shown himself unworthy of such company. He has been criticized in some quarters for the rapidity of his tempi in certain of the movements of the Bach Mass. Personally I thought the tempi the right things in themselves; whether a choir can sing these movements at that pace, or the trumpets play their passages clearly, is another matter. The choir in particular was obviously in distress now and then. To me, however, the occasional lack of contrapuntal clearness was more than compensated by the glorious exhilaration of this spate of sound. Schweitzer is of opinion that Bach's polyphony can always be taken with safety at a moderate pace, even in quick movements, the incessant motion and interweaving of the parts creating the illusion of a faster tempo than is actually being employed. That is true; but even so there is something in Bach's great-chested jubilation that only a sheer joy in rapid motion for its own sake can be trusted to bring out. There was something volcanic, Corybantic in him; it was simply the accident of his epoch and his environment that he could find no outlet for these moods except to religious words. To us to-day—or let me speak only for myself—the words are of infinitely less importance than the music. Probably we shall never hear on this earth the million-throated rapture of some of those choruses as it ought to be heard;

but M. Verbruggen gave us an excellent idea of the torrents of joy and strength that Bach pours into these formal eighteenth-century channels.

The Leeds choir was not at its best; no choir has been, indeed, this winter, owing to so many of the younger men having enlisted; for the tenors especially one sometimes felt sorry, their powers being not always equal to their will. But only a choir of super-men could sing the B minor Mass as one imagines it should be sung. So hard is the lot of the composer! For his colossal figures and vast *terrains* Milton needs no more than the same words that any plain Englishman can use; to show us all earth pealing forth its adoration in the stupendous "Sanctus" of Bach requires the co-operation of some hundreds of individuals, who even then come hardly nearer suggesting the scene as Bach saw it than a small canvas would come to suggesting the vast conclave of the fallen angels in "Paradise Lost." Perhaps some day we shall have to maintain not only professional orchestras but professional choirs—bodies of picked vocal athletes capable of going anywhere and doing anything. This might solve some of our present choral problems. It would be possible then to produce works like the B minor Mass in something like perfection in all sorts of places that have not yet heard it. And it would enable conductors to insist on a greatly needed reform—the employment of a larger or smaller number of singers according to the character of each movement of a choral work. Our present system of having the same choir of two or three hundred voices singing throughout the whole work is like keeping the full orchestra playing fortissimo throughout a symphony. But with an amateur chorus no conductor can realize the reform: if he ventures to hint at it, he is soon given to understand that Miss Smith is not going to sit there with her lips locked while Miss Brown has the glory of singing. Over a paid chorus one would have the same authority as over a paid orchestra.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“Vive l'Angleterre”—or, from those who have courteously scraped up a word of English, “Good-night,” “Good-bye,” or even “Good-day” from the more instructed—thus is everyone wearing a British uniform greeted on the French roads by every other French soldier he meets. After some ten weeks' work with a British Red Cross Unit at the French front a strong impression one carries back is of the abounding goodwill and courtesy of the French soldier of every grade to the stranger fighting or working by his side. Officers and men, doctors and brancardiers, as well as the few country folk still left in the country-side, seem always to realize that they are the hosts, and that those who have come from England to share in the fight, which, after all, is ours as much as theirs, must be treated as the guests of the nation. For any service done they are extravagantly grateful, for any mistakes made most indulgent, and even generals and their headquarters' staffs will put themselves out to consult the convenience of comparatively unimportant units of the British force in France. A report comes of some success of ours, such as the sinking of the “Dresden,” or the capture of trenches at Neuve Chapelle, and from all sides whole-hearted congratulations pour in upon all wearing the familiar khaki; indeed, the satisfaction expressed is far more exuberant than any displayed by the French at their own hard-won victories in the Argonne or Champagne.

Some of us were once passing through a village in a motor-ambulance when we met a regiment on the march to the trenches, with full band playing at its head. As we waited by the roadside to let it pass and to gaze on the moving spectacle, from almost every line came greetings in English or in French, and some of the men even



broke ranks to shake us by the hand, and, with an affectionate look in the eyes, to utter the one word "Anglais." To be button-holed in the street or the country road by some soldier who had picked up a few words of English in Algiers or at Cannes, and wished to tell you how pleased he was to see you was quite a common occurrence. When officers came to call, they as often as not brought round the conversation to the exploits of British soldiers they had chanced to meet on the battlefield.

One such story, told by a French artillery colonel, deserves to be recorded. Finding his own beloved "75's" had too flat a trajectory to deal with some German position, he asked the English alongside for some howitzers. Next morning an English captain brought up a couple, asked for the mark, and then quietly adjusted his guns by the side of a convenient house. "You will break my windows," said the lady of the house to him. "Yes, madame, I shall break your windows," answered the captain quietly, and fired off his guns, which entirely destroyed the German position and also the French lady's window-panes. He then limbered up, had déjeuner with the French officers, "et nous ne l'avons plus revu," said the colonel, who was lost in admiration at the Englishman's rapid and clean-cut method of doing his job and then vanishing. In all their relations with the British this delicate courtesy and this anxiety to find the pleasing attention or the apt word of praise were evident. If you were entertained at a French officers' mess or at some scratch concert got up by their men, the feast always ended with the little ceremony of sweet French champagne and toasts to the Alliance; and on one occasion an open-air concert by a military band to the patients of a field hospital was interrupted on the arrival of some Englishmen in uniform for "God Save the King" to be interposed—almost the only air which was vociferously applauded by patients, orderlies, and doctors.

To judge from the soldiers the French nation have their heart in this war and mean to carry it on to victory. And one may judge from the soldiers in France. People who have passed through Paris will, perhaps, tell you that the French are tired of the war, and wondering how much longer they can stand it. It is extremely doubtful if even in Paris such a hastily gathered impression conveys the real sense of the Parisians, but even if it were so, it is not to Paris now, but only to one place to which one should go to find out the mind of France. That is the front. Paris does not see the men at the front, far less indeed than London sees our men at the front. Very, very few even of those whose homes are in Paris have been there since the war began nine months ago. One of the French doctors, for example, in our neighborhood, a man with a distinguished practice in Paris, had never been able till within a week or two ago to see his widowed mother, who lived there, though she had lost another son in the war and a daughter since August. Then he saw her for a few hours only because she obtained leave to stay with friends a few miles from his quarters and he was able to get a lift on a British car.

This is a typical case. Officers think themselves lucky to get a few hours off in some neighboring town, but to go to Paris or home elsewhere except on business, or when gravely wounded, is out of the question. And the front is typical of France, because the whole male population between the ages of eighteen and fifty is actually fighting this war at the front. Those who are not in the line of battle are employed in some subsidiary operation of war; some of the oldest territorials, for example, are constantly busy repairing or cleaning roads to keep them in condition for the incessant traffic of troops and heavy convoys. Even in the trenches there are men nearer fifty than forty doing their turn as cheerfully and almost as well as their comrades in the prime of manhood. Everything in the country has to give way, for the moment, to the great task before France, to win this war. One hardly sees a private motor, for example, in the war zone. All have been commandeered or offered voluntarily for military and ambulance purposes, often with the wealthy owner as a private soldier to act in the capacity of chauffeur. It is at the front, therefore, and

not at Paris or elsewhere that the opinion of male France, at any rate, must be sought.

Here, as far as can be judged from meeting French soldiers of every rank and quality, the spirit of confidence and determination, so far from abating, has increased. It is in no boastful tone that the French soldiers speak of themselves as prepared to see this thing through. They have no illusions about the Germans; they recognize them as stout fighters, and are aware how very little has been accomplished since the Battle of the Aisne to drive them from French territory. But they know that it is a fight to the death, in which they must either win or disappear as a nation; the Germans have been menacing them too long, they themselves have been making too great sacrifices for near half-a-century, solely as a safeguard against Germany, for them not to feel that the war must rid them of this nightmare. Some of them seem to care for little else in life. Such was an old major of some African regiment, a fine, clear-eyed soldier, who had thought of little but his profession of arms since as a boy of seven he had seen the Germans in Paris. We saw him enjoying his three days' "repos" from the trenches like a schoolboy on a holiday, but when the talk turned on the war: "J'ai une femme et un enfant à Alger," he said quite simply, "et là ils sont bien. Pour moi je ne pense qu'à la patrie et à rien qu'à la patrie—si je tombe, ce sera bien, ce sera pour la patrie."

But there is no false sentimentality about these French soldiers. They sing as they go into the trenches. They march out of the trenches singing or to the "clarion's" joyous sound. In the trenches, like our British soldiers, they have their little jokes. During a visit of M. Poincaré to the front it was reported that the Kaiser was also at the German front, so the Frenchmen resolved to annoy the Bosches. They mounted a top hat on a stick, and showed it above the trenches; "Vive M. le Président," they called out, and the hat was bobbed in a mock bow. "Your Kaiser does not show himself in the trenches as does our President," they shouted across to the Germans; and along the full length of the trenches the top-hat was seen bowing and rising to tumultuous shouts of applause. When the procession was at an end, the hat was, of course, found riddled with bullets from the unerring rifles of "August" and "Sigermann," as the two best German marksmen are nicknamed. And their light-heartedness in action is justified by their business-like capacity. If you see French soldiers off duty in a village, or sometimes even on sentry-go, you are perhaps shocked at their non-soldierly appearance, as they go slouching about with their ill-fitting uniforms; some a peculiarly villainous khaki, some silver-blue, some still the familiar old blue coats with crimson trousers. But see them on the march, doing their exercises, or lining the trenches, and they are changed men, with all that alertness, that swinging step, and that look of high confidence which recalls the "Petit Caporal's" ragged bands that swept through Europe. They are not afraid of work. A Zouave regiment was quartered in our village, nominally "en repos" after six months in the trenches. But rest? Not a bit of it. Every day field manoeuvres, rifle practice for recruits, bayonet charges, and everything that could be thought of by their energetic young commandant to keep the men fit and make their limbs supple. And the men liked it, and in their off-time played football with our men. The hospital arrangements seemed admirably organized in our area, and the doctors marvels of skill and devotion. The commissariat was nearly as good as ours, which is saying a great deal, and the men themselves much better at adapting themselves to campaigning conditions. If they have no salad, they go out to the fields to pick dandelions to supply the need, and the *menus* of the famous soup, risotto, and stewed beef, which their cooks produce from the simplest field kitchens made our mouths water.

Another striking point in the French army is the friendly relations between all ranks. Those who have been privileged to visit the French headquarters on business are especially struck with the combined efficiency and *camaraderie* of those responsible, from highest to

lowest, with the organization of the country in arms. There is no stiffness or *collet monté* business between generals in command of sections and their subordinates, and no red tape to interfere with the smooth working of the machine. A French officers' mess is like a jolly family party, and when off duty the French officers treat their men as equals, mingle with them as if all were of one rank. It is the same in the hospitals. When a party of wounded was being taken off from some "poste de secours" or advanced hospital, however hard pressed the doctors were, some of them generally found time to see off their patients of a day with a cheery, "Eh bien, mes enfants, bon voyage et une bonne guérison." But as soon as the real work begins, it is evident that this familiarity has bred no contempt, for the men trust their officers, and are intelligent enough to see the uses of discipline. Still, as in Napoleon's day, the French private carries his field-marshal's bâton in his haversack more truly than any other soldier in Europe. As a French officer once remarked, "Where we score over the Germans is that we can supply the gaps in the officers' ranks far more readily than they can. Their officers form a caste; our men are the equals in all but authority with our officers; and any non-commissioned officer can, in a fortnight, become a perfectly efficient lieutenant. And, above all, we welcome him, and make him one of us at once."

It is difficult enough to realize what this war is like, unless, like Mr. Balfour, one has been to the front, even in the case of our own area of thirty odd miles, though each of us has some relation or dear friend to tell us about it. It is harder still to realize what the French are doing in their hundreds of miles of trenches. For a strange revolution has come over the French nation. Never before, perhaps, in its history has it been so silent, so undemonstrative. To those of us who remember the Dreyfus agitation, when it seemed every Frenchman's desire to proclaim from the house-tops what he thought of his neighbor's opinions on this question, and insisted on having all the nation's affairs in the open; when we remember the gallant but by no means reticent "beaux sabreurs" of France's aggressive periods, the quiet, efficient, and unadvertising methods of this war in France are passing strange. There is no gasconading, and the "mot d'ordre" has gone round that no individual actions of gallantry are to be published. This extreme modesty of demeanor may be a wise policy or not, but it shows a strength of continuity of purpose hardly suspected even by France's best friends, and a corporate determination to put all into the common cause. Much of France's richest province is laid waste, some of her fairest towns are destroyed, but there is no murmuring, no complaint; merely a quiet and practical resolve to set things right. France is putting her whole strength and her whole soul into this contest in the sure confidence that her cause is just. Such at least is the impression that gradually sinks in from living with French soldiers at the front.—Yours, &c.,

BASIL WILLIAMS.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE CASE OF BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though I am aware that the cause of Serbia can hardly be said to have a warm advocate in your paper, yet I hope that you will spare a little space for a note on Sir Edwin Pears's article under the above heading to remind your readers that there is another side to that case.

At the present time our gallant ally is being subjected to the same double squeeze that she experienced at the time of the Balkan wars, exercised by Bulgaria and Italy. While, on supposed national grounds, she is being asked to surrender Macedonia to Bulgaria, those who give the advice refrain from supporting her claims to Dalmatia, where only 3 per cent. of the population is Italian. Your daily contemporary, the "Daily News," while adverting to the desirability of "compensation" to Bulgaria, has more than

once allowed, at least, its readers to understand that Dalmatia is Italian. It must be remembered that the Serbs have never allowed that the Macedonians are Bulgar by race, and their contention that they are, in fact, neither pure Serb nor pure Bulgar is accepted by many impartial authorities. Even Mr. Brailsford, a bitter enemy of Serbia, has acknowledged it while laying stress on the effects of Bulgar propaganda. If, in 1912, the Serbs were willing to sacrifice their Macedonian claims, it was for a definite object—access to the Adriatic. This was perfectly well known to their allies, who were bound to send 200,000 men to their aid if attacked by Austria. This obligation certainly carried with it the obligation of diplomatic support; if the attack were diplomatic any other conclusion would be absurd. Yet Bulgaria failed to give that support, and, indeed, dissociated itself from Serb-Adriatic claims on the plea that Albania was not mentioned in the treaty. It was not, for reasons perfectly well known to those who have authentic information on what was passing at the time, but the obligation mentioned above remained, and when that support was not forthcoming the Serbs felt that the spirit of the treaty had been violated in what was for them the essential point. That was the real beginning of trouble.

I am no enemy of Bulgaria, and heartily desire a Balkan accord, but I think that the friends of Bulgaria are doing her disservice by continually harking back to the 1912 treaty, and raising hopes which cannot be fulfilled. The treaty has gone, and the subject should be approached *de novo*; otherwise Bulgaria, by a repetition of her previous stubbornness, of which signs are not wanting, may again suffer bitter disappointment.

When Sir Edwin Pears speaks of Serbia's "acquisition of a road to the Aegean," I presume that the last word is a slip for "Adriatic." In that case it illustrates the attitude of mind I have mentioned above; for what is now in question is not a "road" to the Adriatic, but the acquisition by the Serb people of their rightful coast-line, theirs by nationality, geography, and commercially. That coast-line and its islands should belong to Serbia by the same title by which any other nation holds its coast. I am not at all certain but that a guarantee to her of her legitimate aspirations in this direction would be the best means of approach to the settling of Serbo-Bulgarian differences. Certainly, Serbia can hardly be expected to understand the attitude which insists strongly on her giving up what is desired by her Eastern neighbor while it is willing to barter away her rights in the Adriatic; she seems to be required not only to pay either way, but both ways.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. E. TAYLOR.

April 28th, 1915.

### THE WONDERS OF NESCIENCE AND MR. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Coleridge must, indeed, think little of the intelligence of the readers of THE NATION when he presumes to put before them such a foolish argument as that with which he attempts to vilify science in your issue of to-day. He says:—

"Sir Joseph Lister was raised to the peerage in a halo of antiseptic spray, but now Sir Almroth Wright is reported in the 'Times' to have said:—'The ordinary man who applied antiseptics said antiseptics killed microbes. But there were interesting experiments which showed that the addition of antiseptics to microbes in certain proportions caused the microbes to multiply.' It certainly is perplexing to 'the ordinary man' to find one extraordinary man of science extolled for discovering a germicide which another extraordinary man of science declares is a germ multiplier!"

The phenomenon to which Sir Almroth Wright alluded was evidently the universally known one that substances which may be poisonous in certain strengths are not poisonous, or may even be beneficial, in other strengths. Thus everyone knows that many drugs which are poisonous when given in strong solutions are harmless, or may even be used for medicinal purposes, in weak ones. Because a weak solution of an antiseptic may even stimulate the growth of microbes, that is no argument to prove that a strong solution will not kill them. There is, therefore, nothing antagonistic between the teachings of Lord Lister and Sir Almroth Wright. Is it



not almost an insult to your readers to place such futilities before them?

The anti-vivisectionists and anti-vaccinationists, defeated everywhere in argument, are, like the Germans, resorting only to vilification of persons—as Mr. Stephen Coleridge's letters in your issues of April 3rd and of to-day abundantly show. It has long been quite clear that the various pleas under which they attack men of science are merely disguises to cover their real motive, which is, indeed, nothing but a morbid hatred of science in general, and particularly of science which endeavors by genuine work and honest thought to relieve the sufferings of humanity.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD ROSS.

April 24th, 1915.

### THE LIMITATION OF PROFITS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Referring to your leading article of to-day, in which this matter is touched upon, it seems to me that there is, on the threshold, an ambiguity that needs clearing up. When Mr. Asquith spoke of "undue and abnormal profits," did he mean abnormal *total* profits or abnormal *rates* of profit? Of the latter, implying, as it would, the exploiting of the dire needs of the nation, there could be no defence; but for abnormal profits, due to abnormal work, surely there is something to be said. My firm, like many others, is at present crowding three years' work into one, working, as we are, three times the normal hours per week. What, for us, is to be thought an undue and abnormal profit? Surely the strain under which we are working is to be taken into consideration. If it were held, for instance, that anything beyond the profit of an ordinary year should be considered "undue," we should certainly work under a sense of injustice; and that is not a good stimulus to exertion. The directors would, I know, take the larger view and press forward the work in the national interest; but, obviously, I cannot speak with the same confidence of a numerous staff, by whom, as it happens, our shares are largely held. Human nature is human nature, and the utmost effort is not likely to be got out of men with a grievance. The dispiriting of the managers is not a good thing even from the point of view of the greatest possible production of equipment for our troops.

You say, further, that this is a time when labor and capital should be taken into partnership. I think we have shown in the most practical of all ways how thoroughly we agree with you. Before this question of the limitation of profits arose, we had promised our workers a bonus on wages earned, payable at the end of the war, or at the end of each year of the war. We estimate that this, for the present year, will represent nearly one-third of the sum which would be divisible among the ordinary shareholders. That is to say, their share of the profits will be nearly half that of the entire body of ordinary shareholders. I am sanguine that this will meet your views as to a fair method of limiting profits and satisfying the just claims of the workers under the present abnormal conditions.—Yours, &c.,

DIRECTOR.

April 24th, 1915.

### OUR NEXT PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“Wayfarer” does well to warn those responsible for our political machinery up and down the country against hasty judgment in the matter of Parliamentary members or candidates. We are living in a period of great change, and the composition of the House of Commons of the future will not be immune.

There is a danger that we may become hypocrites. During the early stages of the war, writers, known and unknown, rushed into print at the call of editors declaring this to be the “war to end war,” or “the death of secret diplomacy.” Now it seems that Mr. Trevelyan has got his dismissal from Elland for no other reason than that he is in favor of open diplomacy, if such a term can be used. One would have thought that such were the men to keep, not to lose.

What type of representation do our constituencies want after the war? Do local leaders know? Do they want Bernhardt-like Englishmen who think war is a great purifier, or do they want peacemakers who think it a great curse? Or do they want a new Parliament through which a vital cleansing breath of sanity has swept? This is not censure, for I, for one, would be glad of light.—Yours, &c.,

BERIC.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

April 27th, 1915.

### EWALD AND THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your theory explaining “The Childishness of Germany” recalls to my mind an interview I had forty-one years ago with Professor Heinrich Ewald. I was then a student of Berlin University, and had been one day to the Strangers' Gallery of the Reichstag, then holding its second session, with Ewald as one of the representatives for Hanover. I well remember how he and von Moltke were the two most distinguished figures in the whole Assembly. Any visitor unfamiliar with their features would have asked, “Who are these two men?” But Ewald was treated with very little respect in the House, and I understood the reason, when, shortly after, I availed myself of an introduction to call on him in his modest lodgings. We had a talk for half an hour or more on Old Testament history and criticism, and then he suddenly broke off into politics, expressing the deepest resentment against the Prussia which had annexed and seized the power to transform his beloved Hanover. He became a changed man, as unlike the learned professor as could well be. What I remember best was his emphatic declaration that his people were enslaved. This he repeated again and again, with tears in his eyes. He said I should not believe him, and, as a matter of fact, his public declarations to this effect only caused him to be regarded as a crank. He was laughed down, and, I think, had soon to retire from political life. But now we can see how well founded were his apprehensions of the domination of the Prussian spirit and the subjugation to it of real German freedom. Very few at that time, the winter of 1872-3, saw how this freedom was imperilled, not to say lost, under Germany's new constitution, and the men who did see it received a prophet's reward.—Yours, &c.,

(REV.) H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Parkstone, April 27th, 1915.

### A PLAN OF BELGIAN REPATRIATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is announced that a union has been formed of the various associations interested in Belgian repatriation. This is not only a hopeful sign of the state of public opinion in regard to the war, but marks a definite step towards the resurrection of Belgium. Repatriation enters now into practical politics; and, since such schemes are under discussion, may I be allowed to put forward a few personal suggestions?

In the task before us two things must be considered. The first is the actual reinstalment of the fugitive population—the rebuilding and restocking of towns and farms, and the maintenance of the industrial and agricultural workers until their labor has had time to yield a return. The problem in this aspect is one of practical organization, which will vary in difficulty according to the season of the year and the commercial conditions prevailing at the time in England and America. Our experience, on a smaller scale, in the Transvaal has demonstrated how rapidly a devastated country can recuperate its wealth; and, although dead men cannot return nor historic monuments be replaced, yet human energy, working in co-operation with the forces of nature, speedily reconverts fields of battle into fields of corn, and deserted ruins into hives of industry.

But the date of return is still uncertain—maybe, distant—and we are faced with the equally important question: Which of various possible methods of repatriation will best conserve in the refugees, during the period of waiting, that energy and moral which will be needed later? England should learn from her centuries of experience in refugeeedom.



Of all those successive waves of exiles washed on to our shores between 1789 and 1869, none withstood the deteriorating atmosphere of exile except those who founded a new life for themselves in the United States. These kept their vitality and became a force in their adopted country; the rest gradually drifted, sank, and were submerged in inactivity and deferred hope.

The lesson is that it is not enough to give hospitality; we must also give scope for individual action, for labor which is not merely hygienic exercise, but carried on with personal anticipation. Only thus can we transmute a passing sympathy between ourselves and the Belgians into a permanent relation between two free peoples, and so form a nucleus of the future brotherhood of all the European nations.

It is stated that the Local Government Board is preparing to start workshops for turning out in bulk indispensable articles to be distributed hereafter by the Belgian Government. This project is, doubtless, excellent, and necessary to cope with wholesale demands that cannot be met otherwise—as among the ruined families remaining on the Continent. But in England, the land of individuality and “home-life,” I would plead for the inclusion of some scheme which shall recognize the inherent domesticity of the Belgian nature, and enable the refugees here to work not for “Belgian homes” in the collective, but for “our home” in the particular. Everyone acquainted with our Belgian guests remarks how their deepest sentiments are bound up with their household gods—with their furniture, with the linen each girl marks with her “chiffre” in preparation for her married home. Those who, like myself, spent two years assisting repatriation work in the Transvaal, remember a kindred trait in the Boer women, and how their Stoicism would give way at the recollection, perhaps, of a burnt wardrobe. To the Netherlander these material objects embody conceptions which we, maybe, shape differently; and so their personal loss paralyzes the springs of action. They have seen their own home destroyed, and so they cannot imagine the renaissance of Belgium.

If we are not merely to rebuild houses, but to rebuild also a nation, we should then, I think, base our efforts on this peculiar quality of the race. I would urge that—in addition to any communal scheme—we should supply each refugee family of the industrial and laboring classes with material to make for themselves—in accordance with their own ideas, not ours—a little store of household properties, against the day of return—such things, for instance, as linen for sheets, table-cloths, towels, &c., and tick for the flock-stuffed mattress covers. Let even the children dress their dolls for the home-coming. In working for the future, belief in it will revive.

Further, each family should be provided with a private box and key for storing what they make. These should be kept in a convenient place in each locality, and their owners—and they alone—should have regular access to them. The sole duty of the superintendent would be to see that the articles stored in each case balanced the quantity of material supplied; and that they were duly registered. These boxes would be handed over to their owners on the day they returned to Belgium; and, if funds suffice, to the contents of each might then be added the primary tools of the breadwinner's trade, and a few simple utensils, such as saucepan, coffee pot, &c.

These “dower chests” would mean more to the possessors than any grant of supplies from the State, and would remain a personal relic of English friendship, when the Great War shall have become a tale of history.

The scheme, fully applied, is a large one, involving much money; but it might with small cost be started in a few districts as an experiment; and its further development need not, I am convinced, be a complicated undertaking. The organization might be distinguished from other branches of repatriation work by some such title as “La Reconstruction des Foyers Belges” (“Renaissance of the Belgian Home”), and form part of the federation of such societies.—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

18, Westminster Mansions, Westminster.  
April 26th, 1915.

## THE SECRET OF POETRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It looks as if your reviewer is likely to be able to throw some light on that remarkable passage in which Coleridge “initiates us into the secret of the poetic imagination.” Mr. Cowl quotes it in “The Theory of Poetry in England,” and your reviewer reproduces it, and says, “the meaning is simple enough.” Is it? I will not quarrel with the phrase “the reduction of the spirit to its principle and fountain, which is alone truly one.” To me it is simply meaningless. But he goes on to say: “How excellently the German *Einbildungskraft* expresses the prime and loftiest faculty, the power of coadunation.” What German ever used that word as synonymous with coadunation? Again, Coleridge says, “Eisenoplasy is contradistinguished from fantasy.” Certainly. Therefore, the German word is contradistinguished from coadunation. For, although it is not easy to fix the meaning of the word fantasy, it seems probable enough that the real force of *Einbildungskraft* is best seen in the language of the old German mystics, who spoke of *di memorje und di phantasie und di bildende kraft* contradistinguishing them from *di wäre vernunft*. It might be argued that there is here (or may be) a contradistinction between *phantasie* and *di bildende kraft*. But we read *Rosemund war gleichsam mit demantinen buchstaben in sein gedächtnis eingebildet*. Coleridge's *In-eins-bildung* seems to be a little joke of his own, and no one now will complain of his having murdered the Kaiser's German. But for the rest it would be interesting to know the views of your reviewer who found “the meaning simple enough.”—Yours, &c.,

W. O. BRIGSTOCKE.

Charterhouse, April 25th, 1915.

## WORLD WIRELESS NEWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on “Reuter's” suggests just one further step, that of a public world-wide wireless news service to which every Government might undertake to supply verified news. It might be organized by the International Postal Union and supplied by the Post Offices of each country. Paris and Norddeich had already begun to do this a year ago. It may be too much to expect all the truth, but, at any rate, nothing but the truth might be supplied. If we could not trust the Russian Government to tell us about demonstrations directed against the Entente, neither would the Indian vernacular press feel our official news sufficient. The private news agency would still supply details, and we should still wait for the whole truth until the biographers deal with Cabinet Ministers. Herr Dernburg has proposed to internationalize telegraphic cables; and an established wireless network would probably bring existing cables into line with it. It is some thirty years ago since Professor Marshall was examining Socialism and inquiring into the true functions of Government in his Cambridge lectures. He then suggested that perhaps the collection and diffusion of accurate information would be one safe function. Should the Censor be retained, with instruction to stop all incitements to war? At his peril would be any oversight rendering his Government liable to damages before Hague Courts, whilst transgressions by private news agencies might be made an extraditable offence. Anyhow, the pioneering work done by Reuter might well be taken over as one function of reorganized civilization.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

Stocksfield-on-Tyne, April 28th, 1915.

## THE LURE OF DRINK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your moderate and well-reasoned article will receive the more careful attention of temperance reformers in that it disclaims any desire to resort to the “heroic” measures advocated by the extreme teetotal section of the community.

The new demand for “Prohibition in War-time” has hitherto been based on the plea of military necessity rather than on the argument for industrial efficiency; but when

its advocates find one trench untenable, with the greatest facility they shift the defence of their dogmas to another equally ineffective.

The statement in your article that military and naval authorities are now agreed that drinking damages the efficiency and *moral* of recruits, is hardly reconcilable with the practice of serving alcohol in the form of rum to both branches on active service.

You refer to the waste of resources involved in the manufacture and purchase of liquor. It has been increasingly apparent that this doctrine of waste is ill-founded. So far as it involves the hypothesis that food-stuffs are diverted from productive use to the manufacture of useless or deleterious substances it fails, for the reason that the essential elements of wine, beer and, in some degree, spirits, namely, grapes, hops, and barley, are not under present conditions used as such for physical subsistence. The theory that money spent in the purchase of alcohol is lost disregards the fact that, apart from the enormous number of persons employed in the production and distribution of excisable liquor, the national and local revenues are very greatly dependent on the contributions to State and municipal taxation, as, indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has pointed out.

That we are not prepared to emulate Russia and France in the prohibition of our national beverages is due to the fact that ours, unlike theirs, are not, when consumed in moderation, mentally and physically harmful, and that while they forbid the sale of liquors that are essentially poisonous, they do not substantially restrict the consumption of the liquors mentioned, which are not.

We are prepared, as you suppose, if, but only if, we are convinced by the considered opinions of specially qualified authorities, such as the police and the military, to consent to any deprivations necessary for the earlier consummation of victory; but we are not prepared, nor will we submit, to any action restrictive of our rights and liberties, if we believe it to be taken with a view to enforcing on the enormous majority of the people the particular fad of an insignificant though noisy minority, anxious only to secure their end by whatever means chance or the national crisis presents to them.—Yours, &c.,

R. M. DIX.

London, March 8th, 1915.

#### THE RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Baty appears in his letter to you to uphold the doctrine of neutral immunity under all circumstances. May I translate a possible international case into terms of common life? A certain householder possesses a courtyard on to which look the back windows of a house in a neighboring street. Armed burglars enter this latter house and the inmates call for help from the windows overlooking the courtyard. Policemen hasten up, but our householder refuses to unlock the gate of the courtyard on the plea that it is private property. The policemen hurry to the street in which the second house is situated, but there are numerous obstacles, and by the time that they effect an entry the inmates are all shot and the burglars have escaped with their booty. Was the locked gate justifiable?

International law has erected neutrality into a *tabu* which must, on no possible consideration, be violated. My little parable above will perhaps serve to indicate the essential unsoundness of such a doctrine.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

#### THE CASE OF MRS. JOHN CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Three weeks ago you published a letter from me appealing for assistance for Mrs. John Chapman, to which there came so speedy and generous a response that a week later I was able to remove her from the workhouse, and place her in a comfortable lodging with kind people to look after her. There she is now resting and forgetting the

troubled times she has lately passed through; her thoughts go back to happier days, which bring with them hopes for a brighter future. I myself hope that the day may come when the doors of the workhouse will open wide to let out all the imprisoned old ladies into the sunshine of freedom and hope. But this must be done by the people as a whole realizing their duty to old age and poverty.

In the meantime, I ask all the subscribers to Mrs. Chapman's Maintenance Fund to accept my most grateful thanks, and I thank you, Mr. Editor, for being the means of putting me in touch with so many kind sympathisers.—Yours, &c.,

ANNE CORDEN-SANDERSON.

319, St. James's Court, S.W.  
April 29th, 1915.

#### Poetry.

##### RUPERT BROOKE: A LAST IMPRESSION.

'ON 'APTEMIS 'IOXEAIPIA 'OIS 'AFANOIS  
BEAEESΣIN 'EHOIXOMENH KATEIIEΦNEN.

WHEN you had railed insistently  
Against the Fates that bade you die,  
I, that had been a seer too,  
Had closed my eyes, and thought of you,  
And, feeling forward in my mind,  
No violent end for you could find.

Many as young and dear as you  
Were dead, and were to die, I knew:—  
Yet, when you tried your steps in Hell,  
In that mad rush when Antwerp fell,  
It seemed no wonder that you came  
Untouched through all that filth and flame.

The bright, undying Presences  
That haunt the inner, sunlit seas—  
For you, that of Their kindred were,  
How could it be They would not care  
Lest gods of brute Barbarian war  
The body of Their beloved should mar?

Did They not laugh to find you come  
On such strange errand to Their home?  
Did Hermes touch your eyes to see  
How your deliverance was to be?  
Did you, remembering Shelley, know  
Their love would never let you go?

Honor unmeasured, Love complete  
Have All, in army or in fleet,  
Who, be their doom to die or live,  
Give England all they have to give:—  
Yet, for this special Grace you had,  
It is allowed us to be glad.

S. O.

##### THE GOING.

(R. B., LEMNOS, APRIL 23RD, 1915.)

He's gone.  
I do not understand.  
I only know  
That, as he turned to go  
And waved his hand,  
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,  
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow—  
And he was gone.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Poems." By G. K. Chesterton. (Burns & Oates. 5s. net.)  
 "The Alcestis of Euripides." Translated by Gilbert Murray. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)  
 "Rabindranath Tagore: A Biography." By Ernest Rhys. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)  
 "English Poets and the National Ideal." By E. de Selincourt. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Quaker Women (1650-1690)." By Mabel Richmond Brailsford. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "War, Progress, and the End of History." By Vladimir Soloviev. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)  
 "Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo." Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "America and the World War." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Murray. 5s. net.)  
 "Samuel Henry Jeyes." By Sidney Low and W. P. Ker. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Clear Water: Trout Days and Troutling Ways." By A. G. Bradley. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Mrs. Washington." By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen. 6s.)

MATERIAL for a gossip essay in the bye-paths of literary history will be furnished in a "Bibliography of Unfinished Books," on which Mr. Corns, the Public Librarian of Lincoln, and Mr. Sparke, who holds a similar post at Bolton, are at present engaged. The bibliography will give a list of English books that have never been finished by their authors, together with notes and biographical material accounting for their truncated state. "It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor," wrote Stevenson, perhaps with some prophetic prevision of his own uncompleted masterpiece, "a spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely end." But, attractive as is this subject of unfinished writings, it has received very little attention. That excellent collection of miscellaneous feeding, Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," does not even mention it, while a like neglect has been shown by the thousands of essayists who have discussed books from almost every possible point of view. Even the book-collectors are silent on the subject, and one may consult the classical works of Dibdin or John Hill Burton without much reward for the research.

THERE are several examples of unfinished writings—some of them among the masterpieces of our literature—which present themselves at once to the mind. Not only did Chaucer leave "half told the story of Cambuscan bold," but "The Canterbury Tales" themselves are but a fragment. The scheme was intended to include a hundred and twenty tales, with their accompanying prologues, and, of course, the final meeting of the pilgrims at the "Tabard," when the successful competitor would be declared. Had Spenser completed "The Fairy Queen," he would, perhaps have given an account of the death of "the blatant Beast" that would have satisfied Macaulay. One may be in some doubt about the value of the great philosophic poem of which Wordsworth's "Prelude" was to be the portico, but there can be no two opinions concerning the loss our literature has suffered by the unfinished state of "Hyperion" and "Christabel." Of the latter, Walter Pater wrote that "we seem to have lost more by its incompleteness than the mere amount of excellent verse."

ANOTHER poem the complete version of which would certainly cause a run on the libraries is Byron's "Don Juan." Byron insisted to Hobhouse that it was "the most moral of poems," but he afterwards yielded to the scruples of the Countess Guiccioli, and discontinued the poem for a time. When he resumed it, it was with the provision that it should be "more guarded and decorous." The adventures which Byron planned for an uncensored and less decorous Don Juan are to be found in one of his letters to Murray:—

"I meant to take him the tour of Europe," he wrote, "with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as Anacharsis Clootz in the French Revolution. To know how many cantos this may extend, I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it;

but this was my notion: I meant to have made him a *Cavalier Servente* in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the societies in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest. The Spanish tradition says Hell; but it is probably only an allegory of the other state."

It would not be difficult to compile a long catalogue of unfinished novels, from "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey"—neither of which was regarded by Sterne as complete—down to George Gissing's "Veranilda." The most famous is, undoubtedly, Dickens's "Edwin Drood," if one is to judge by the amount of speculation to which it has given rise. Dickens had a high opinion of Thackeray's unfinished romance, "Denis Duval." "In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole," he wrote, "I believe 'Denis Duval' to be much the best of his works." Thackeray's projected scheme of adventures for Denis Duval is almost as attractive as Byron's for Don Juan. We should have had an account of a battle with Paul Jones, the Pirate, of the execution of Major André, and of the hero's adventures in Revolutionary France. Jane Austen's "Lady Susan" has not found so many admirers. Goldwin Smith had no doubt that Miss Austen would have earnestly deprecated its publication. A later biographer, Mr. Warre Cornish, takes a more indulgent view, though he is far from rising to enthusiasm. He praises its maturity, but finds the chief blemish of that somewhat cynical book to be the fact that "the principal character is too odious to be interesting, or even profitable."

AMONG unfinished French novels, there is a book, little known and little read to-day, which has many features of interest. When Alexandre Dumas had nearly completed the ten volumes of his "Mémoires," he resumed his continual question, "What next?" "There remains the history of the world," replied Alexandre the Younger. "I have thought of that," was the answer, and the great Alexandre explained the difficulty. "You must either adhere to Biblical tradition, which only goes back some six or seven thousand years—and that would be too short; or else you must follow science—and that would be too long." Eventually he thought that the story of the Wandering Jew supplied the frame which he desired, and "Isaac Laquedem," a work to be finished in thirty volumes, was projected. The first two appeared in 1853, but it was then stopped by the censorship, and Dumas never resumed it. A combination of drama, legend, history, and criticism of current religious views, "Isaac Laquedem" is a marvellous production. It has been praised by Henley and Blaze de Bury, and Dumas's best English biographer, the late Mr. A. F. Davidson, described it as "an inchoate epic of the human race, which can only be criticized by large marks of exclamation."

UNFINISHED histories and biographies are fairly numerous. The most popular of the former is the "History of England," which Macaulay intended to cover the period "from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," in 1848. Death prevented the author from carrying it down even to the reign of Anne. Gibbon's "Autobiography" had to be given its final shape by his executor, Lord Sheffield, whose dexterity in piecing together the six sketches which Gibbon left has won universal admiration. Two other biographies that did not proceed beyond the first volume are Gillman's "Life of Coleridge" and Forster's "Life of Swift." Both of them contain material that has been used to advantage by later writers. Whitwell Elwin's edition of Pope's works, announced in 1858, was so long delayed that "Punch" included it in an ironical list of things that might be expected some day. Elwin abandoned his work twenty years later, but it was taken up by Mr. W. J. Courthope, and the final volume, containing the "Life of Pope," was published by Mr. Murray in 1889.

PENGUIN.



## Reviews.

### THE CHRONICLER OF NEW SPAIN.

**"Bernal Diaz del Castillo: Being some account of him, taken from his True History of the Conquest of New Spain." By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)**

TOWARDS the close of his pungent preface, Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes: "It pleases me to think (though it may be that I deceive myself) that I have had some opportunities to understand a man such as was Bernal Diaz—more opportunities, perhaps, than many others who write greatly better than myself, but have lived different lives." The claim is justified; Mr. Cunninghame Graham has been over the ground traversed by his hero, is in sympathy with the Spanish character, understands its force and weakness, and judges the deeds (or misdeeds) of the Conquistadores with admirable detachment. He is happy in his subject. Bernal Diaz was a typical Spaniard of his time: a gentleman adventurer who passed from Castile to the Indies in 1514, shared in the conquest of Mexico, and was so much a fighting man that, when his campaigns were ended, he found it difficult to sleep without his armor. His experiences brought him honor, but did not enrich him; long after his fighting days were over he complained ruefully that he "had no Indians" as slaves, and assuredly none of his comrades could have foreseen that he was destined to win a more lasting reputation with his pen than with his lance. He was not obviously intended to be a writer, had but a smattering of education, and, though he could recognize an old ballad when he heard it quoted, his literary equipment was apparently not much more complete than that of the landlord in "Don Quixote." His circumstances seemed to indicate that he would pass a tranquil old age in Guatemala, growing garrulous about the campaigns in which he had taken part half a century before, but leaving no permanent record of them behind him.

It was otherwise devised by fate. Chance brought into his hands a copy of Lopez de Gómara's "Historia General," which contained an account of Cortés and the overthrow of the Mexican Empire. On the return of Cortés to Spain, Lopez de Gómara had been appointed chaplain to the famous soldier, had been duly impressed with the splendor of his employer's achievements, and had (perhaps unintentionally) exaggerated the merits of the chief at the expense of the rank and file. This injustice stirred Bernal Diaz into protest. He had served under Cortés in innumerable battles, and loyally admired his old leader; but he had no idea of allowing himself and his comrades to be defrauded of their due credit, and he set conscientiously to work to counteract the effect of Lopez de Gómara's indiscriminate eulogy. His first-hand knowledge enabled him to correct and amplify the credulous chaplain's story, and he put together a version of the facts which finally ousted Lopez de Gómara from the field. But he lived in his enemy's day, and, though he attained an immense age, did not survive to witness his own triumph. He began his counterblast in 1568, or thereabouts, wrote with stiff, rebellious fingers, and did not conclude his task till some ten or twelve years later. As Bernal Diaz was born in 1492, it follows that his "Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España" was composed when he was between seventy-six and eighty-eight years old. It was a tardy entry into literature, and there were further delays in store for the book. A manuscript copy of the "Historia Verdadera" was indeed duly dispatched to Spain, but it was lost to sight till 1632, when Alonso Remón (a Mercenarian friar, whose name is associated with that of Lope de Vega) brought out the first edition. Remón's conception of an editor's duties was peculiar; he took it on himself to adulterate the text, introducing into it various arabesques which redounded to the greater glory of the Mercenarian Order. Though Bernal Diaz had a simple piety of his own, he was less interested in the Mercenarians than in feats-of-arms; but, even when presented in this travestied form, his "Historia Verdadera" instantly made its mark. The vogue of Lopez de Gómara's work, which had lasted since 1551, was abruptly ended, and no more editions of the "Historia General" were issued for a century or more.

Though Lopez de Gómara was a more dexterous pleader

and, perhaps, a better writer than Bernal Diaz, he derived his knowledge at second hand, and he lacked the charm, the freshness, the human qualities which explain the latter's instantaneous and enduring success. Had Bernal Diaz written nothing better than a refutation, had he merely corrected his rival's mistakes of detail, the "Historia Verdadera" would slumber undisturbed on dusty top-shelves side by side with the "Historia General." He is not himself free from errors (natural enough in an untrained, elderly man writing of far-off events); he is undeniably prolix at times, and his long periods, which may now be read as he wrote them in Sr. García's edition, are often cumbrous in construction. His saving qualities are his good faith, his visual exactitude, his unusual fairness to his foes, and his vigilant sense of humor. Unlike Lopez de Gómara, he has no thesis to prove; he aims at picturing his chief and comrades—not as semi-mythical heroes, but—as they were in the flesh, and he often succeeds to admiration. But for him we should have no definite or authentic portraits of Cortés, of Pedro de Alvarado, of Gonzalo de Sandoval, nay, of Montezuma himself. He has no mock-modesty, and does not hesitate to mention his own personal exploits; but he records them in passing with soldierly modesty as so many relevant items in the story which he undertakes to tell. His gallantry is specially commended by Cortés, and Bernal Diaz dismisses the episode as follows: "And as he praised me highly, I will not write down what he said, for other men have told it, and the whole camp was well aware of it." The chronicler is not above noting a practical joke, as in the case of the trick played on Nuño de Guzmán's friend, the military gambler, and he describes with well-feigned solemnity the festivities at Cuyoacán; it was no fault of Bernal Diaz's that the first dinner-party and ball given in the New World became something like an orgy, that the men gorged on pork, drank more heavy wine than was good for them, had visions of riding on gold saddles, and were, perhaps, a little unsteady on their legs when, clad in armor, they led their partners out to dance. The names of the ladies are discreetly withheld, a circumstance which leads Mr. Cunninghame Graham to remark that "this shows that Diaz was a gentleman, for evidently, even after so many years had passed, he who remembered all the colors and each peculiarity of every horse, must have remembered all the ladies' names. Most probably by the time he wrote, the descendants of the ladies were the chief citizens in Mexico."

With this characteristic comment, the present notice may close. As there is an admirable French version of the "Historia Verdadera" by Heredia, and as a very competent English rendering by Mr. Maudslay has been issued by the Hakluyt Society, it would have been a work of supererogation to translate the book again. Mr. Cunninghame Graham has rightly preferred to give a vivid presentation of Bernal Diaz, an illuminating commentary on his work, and an "apologia" for his subject's life and deeds. It was no easy task, but it has been achieved with remarkable skill and tact.

### THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

**"The Great World War: A History." Edited by FRANK A. MUMBY. Parts I. and II. (The Gresham Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net per part.)**

**"The 'Manchester Guardian' History of the War." Vol. I. (John Heywood. 10s. 6d. net.)**

**"Nelson's History of the War." By JOHN BUCHAN. Vols. I. and II. (Nelson. 1s. net per volume.)**

THERE is no need to insist that the history of the war cannot be fully known yet. It will not be adequately known until perhaps a generation hence, when to the formal histories are added the indiscreet reminiscences of garrulous soldiers and diplomats. But that much is already known to careful students, a cursory glance at these three histories demonstrates. How little really is known about certain critical points a more serious study reveals. At present, and it is quite possible this will remain true ultimately, the greatest interest centres in the four days of August from the 20th to the 23rd, where, in spite of much verified detail, the shadows still lie thickest. On those four days surprise pressed upon the heels of surprise. The tardy Russia was

triumphant at Gumbinnen. Insignificant Serbia was sweeping her unwelcome visitors out of the vestibule of her house into their own place. And on the Franco-Belgian borders the whole of the Allied line fell to pieces. There was the deadly blow from Metz. There were the engagements at Namur, Charleroi, and Mons; and those other battles on the Meuse, South of Namur, and in the Ardennes, which bear upon these engagements, but whether as cause or effect it is still very difficult to say. Still, the writers of these histories have some light to throw even in the darkest places.

Mr. Mumby has secured a good list of writers for "The Great World War." Mr. Vizetelly, who deals with the war on land, was a war correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War. Messrs. Grahame White and Harry Harper, who write of the war in the air, are already known as collaborators upon the history and functions of aeroplanes. Mr. David Hannay needs no introduction as a naval writer. The first part covers the operations of the war during August, and the second carries the story down to the settling upon the Aisne position. The entry of Turkey into the war, and Japan's "share in the war" are included; but in neither part is there any treatment of the operations in Serbia, Galicia, Poland, and East Prussia. The editor is aiming at a very popular public, and hence there is no attempt to do more than tell the story in the briefest possible way. There are distinct advantages in the very speed of such a survey, if it is well done. But Mr. Vizetelly seems to fight a losing battle with the crowded detail, and his story conveys no very clear impression. He begins his first chapter with an account of an interview with General Brialmont, several years ago. The designer of the fortifications of the Belgian forts was in no doubt as to the fate of Belgium should a war break out between Germany and France; and he accurately foretold the course which the German armies in August followed towards Paris. Mr. Hannay's two chapters are an able piece of naval writing. This history will probably find readers, especially as the illustrations are good, and the binding attractive, and since the publisher promises that the work is "to be completed in twelve parts."

The "Manchester Guardian" history is of quite another calibre. The preface shows a clear realization of the possibilities of the situation. "Even while the war is still in progress there is, it is to be hoped, some utility and advantage in an attempt to sift its multitudinous detail, to distinguish its main outlines, and to exhibit them in the form of a continuous and ordered narrative." And the suggestion that such an attempt may even be of permanent value as displaying the impression "made by the events as they occurred," and "the hopes and fears of those who lived through the conflict," is eminently true. The preliminary chapters are not only clear: they are good reading. And throughout the volume there are side by side with the narrative chapters others which may be described as *obiter dicta*. Of this character are "The War and Finance," which describes clearly though briefly, the financial readjustment necessitated by the war; "The Neutrals in Europe," including, at that time, Turkey; "Motor Vehicles in the War"; "France in War-time," and "Germany in War-time." These are not the least valuable sections of a volume which is peculiarly adequate in gathering together the numerous issues raised by the war. The volume has a wide field to cover, since it carries the story up to the first clashing of the Allied armies and Turkey, and includes a chapter on the East Coast raids; and the writers show a nice appraisal of values. They succeed in making clear the general movements and, although the volume originally appeared in fortnightly parts, commencing some time ago, their work suffers very little in comparison with that which has been under revision until quite recently. The illustrations are well chosen and excellently reproduced. There are numerous plans and maps, and the latter are uniformly good. The appendices contain *pièces justificatives* and despatches. The work has been shaped to a definite and desirable end, and this is admirably achieved.

"Nelson's History of the War" must be judged by other standards. It represents the most ambitious project which has so far appeared. It does not aim only at the main outlines, but seeks to give a more detailed story. Thus the first of these volumes of 220 octavo pages only carries the

story down to the fall of Namur, and the second only concludes the battle (or battles) of the Marne. Within such limits there is some scope for detailed treatment. Mr. Buchan's first chapter lays the responsibility for the war on the right shoulders; but it might have been even more forcible if he had laid a little more stress upon the Giolitti disclosures, which may fairly be taken to prove that Prinzip's crime was primarily an effect, though it became also an acceleration, of the enmity of the Dual Monarchy, the unfortunate Archduke paying with his life for the treachery of his country. The narrative chapters are full and clear, the one point where Mr. Buchan seems to allow any confusion being in the operations on the Sambre. "On Saturday, August 22nd, the day when the German offensive in the north was advancing on the Sambre," he writes in one place. But it seems clear, now, that they had already engaged the French Army on the Sambre, and that the crossings of the river which, according to the official French review, were in German hands on the 22nd, were not won in a few hours, as Mr. Buchan suggests. This, however, does not prevent him making clear—for the first time we think—that the British army at Mons fought with a victorious enemy on its East and South-east, and with the vast army of von Kluck on its front and feeling round towards its left flank. The retreat to the Seine is graphically described and its significance brought out; and the battles of the Marne are treated in a truer perspective. Foch's bold and skilful tactics are not omitted, though the work of Maunoury and Sir John French are justly appraised. Mr. Buchan points out that von Kluck knew of the existence of the 6th French army on his right. It may also be suggested that he had not forgotten the British, and had, as he thought, sufficiently provided for them. This is clear from Sir John French's despatch. The Battle of Tannenberg is well described, and also the defeat of the Austrian armies which gave Lemberg into the hands of Russia and cleared her Polish territory of the enemy. An account of the occupation of Belgium, and a discussion of German methods and aims, concludes the second volume, except for the appendices, which contain Sir John French's despatch and a glossary of terms. In elaborating the labor and care lavished upon the German military machine and the profession of superior morality, Mr. Buchan says:—

"Undue care is, not less than slovenliness, a sign of the immature and unbalanced mind. And the profession of a morality above all humble conventions, so far from impressing us as godlike, seems nothing but the swagger of a hobbledehoy. It is not barbarism, which is an honest and respectable thing; it is decivilization, which stands to civilization as a man's senility stands to his prime. In it all there is the mingled petulance, persistence, and absorption of an ill-conditioned child. Such a child cannot be allowed to play with firearms. It is too dangerous."

This is excellently put. And, indeed, despite the ambitious character of Mr. Buchan's history, it is but fitting to say that his work is probably as well done as is possible at this stage. It is certainly the best history which has so far appeared.

#### A HINDU REFORMATION.

"The Arya Samaj." By LAJPAT RAI. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

To all who care for India the subject and the author of this book are both of peculiar interest. Lala Rajpat Rai was known in the Punjab as a leading member of the Arya Samaj, devoted to definite social and religious reforms, and especially honored for his labors in rescuing the victims of the terrible Kangra earthquake in 1905. Then suddenly, during the Indian "unrest" of two years later, he became famous throughout the whole of India because the Government ordered his deportation to Mandalay. From May till November he was there imprisoned without trial. Then he was as suddenly released. In spite of his frequent requests, no reason for this treatment has ever been granted him. Probably the truth is that the Government was deliberately misinformed as to the character of the man, acted in panic, and in a few months recognized its mistake. Like most persecutions, it was a mistake which transfigured a quiet and well-intentioned person into a national hero and a martyr.



But if they were mistaken in the character of the man, the Government of India were even more mistaken as to the nature of the movement which he represented. The natural enemies of Indian reform had from the first proclaimed the Arya Samaj as a secret political society for the encouragement of sedition. On every point they were wrong. So far from being secret, the Samaj (Society) is entirely open in all its doings. Its schools, meetings, services, and benevolent undertakings are open to the world. Its membership is not limited even to Indians. Anyone who accepts the three simple articles of its creed could belong to it—the articles of belief in God, the nature of God, and the divine inspiration of the four Vedas. So far from being political, the Samaj avoids politics and aims almost too exclusively at the formation of personal character. And so far from encouraging sedition, “it accepts the fact of the British Government,” as one of its leading members has authoritatively declared, “and believes that, under the circumstances, it is the best kind of Government that India can have.”

One may hope that the period of misrepresentation has now passed. The Samaj can be suspected only by those who regard with suspicion any attempt among Indians at independence of character or action, and imagine danger in every reform movement which is not instituted and conducted by the Government alone. Undoubtedly, the Samaj endeavors to promote that spirit of self-reliance and initiative which is nearly always lacking in subject races. The mistake of Empire continually is that it undermines self-reliance, and then charges the people with torpor and effeminacy. If the Samaj seeks to counteract the torpor and effeminacy with which Indians have been repeatedly charged by their rulers, from Macaulay downwards, only those who believe in a permanently settled and unchangeable *status quo* have a right to complain. But who can believe in everlastingly static conditions, least of all in times like ours?

The Samaj has existed just forty years now, for it was instituted first in Bombay in 1875, and, on firmer foundations, two years later in Lahore, which has remained its true centre. Its founder, Dayananda Saraswati, followed the usual course of the Sanyasi's, or religious ascetic's, life, except that from the first he showed himself a reformer or rebel against the corrupt accretions with which Hinduism was overgrown. “Return to the Vedas” was the watchword of his rebellion. The Vedas he regarded as the direct and perhaps prehistoric revelation of God, and the Samaj retains this belief, its services being based on Vedic simplicity of ritual (chiefly a sacrifice of fire as symbolic of life), and the greater part of the Samaj education being occupied with the study of Sanscrit and the exposition of the Vedic texts. Among subsequent accretions, Dayananda denounced every form of image or “idol,” rejecting the use of such representations even as symbols of divine powers. He also denounced the caste system as a religious institution, though recognizing the natural differences among individual men at birth. He proclaimed equal opportunities for all men, and even for all women together with men; which was a more daring innovation in India or any other country. His purpose was to restore women to what he believed to have been their position in Vedic times. With this object, he violently opposed child-marriage, fixing the lowest age for marriage at twenty-five among men and sixteen among women. He also abolished all kinds of priesthood, having no belief in any religious authority except that of knowledge and sanctity. A man of religious knowledge and sanctity should, however, be chosen as “guru,” or guide and teacher, by the young.

Abolish idols, caste, priests, and child-marriage! Here were causes enough for trouble in a land inhabited by over 200,000,000 Hindus, to nearly all of whom the belief in such things was a matter of daily faith and ancestral tradition. And trouble came, both to Dayananda and his followers. Some of his controversies with Brahmins and Pundits roused such violence that the British Resident or Collector was invited to be present to maintain the peace, and when Dayananda himself died at a Native Court, poison was strongly suspected. Lala Rajpat Rai summarizes the forces united in opposition to the movement under the heads of (1) the host of Brahmins, whose interests are involved in the caste system and general superstition; (2) the

organized forces of Christianity, which regard a Hindu reformation as an obstacle to their propaganda; (3) the analytical tendencies of science; (4) the collapse of Hindu faith under the pressure of Christianity and science; (5) the apathy and indifference of Hindus, convinced they are hopelessly beaten, never to rise again; the shame and fatalism which are born of intellectual and moral subjugation; and (6) the continual encroachments of Islam.

When opposed to forces so powerful, it says much for the purity of the Samaj and the renewed energy of the Hindu mind that, in the Punjab and United Provinces alone, the Society numbered over 250,000 acknowledged members when the present reviewer visited its chief centres and saw much of its work seven or eight years ago. It is true, the Samaj had already suffered from a “split.” All vital movements, both in religion and politics, have a disconcerting way of multiplying themselves by splitting. One of the sections maintained the pure word of Dayananda as for ever binding; the other believed in growth and a certain latitude, though always within the letter of the Vedas. They even admitted the possibility of salvation for the carnivorous, since they protested the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink. It was on this question of flesh-eating that the divergence came; but more important doctrines, such as the presence of women at common prayer, were really involved. The rupture, however, was never violent, and the members of one branch refrain from hating the members of the other with better success than is seen in most religious or political sects which claim to be inspired by the same spirit and to pursue the same high object.

The present volume gives an admirable account of the whole movement—its history, beliefs, social activities, and educational system. It possesses the inestimable advantage of being written “from the inside,” and by a man of remarkable insight combined with singleness of aim. Lest his account should appear prejudiced and one-sided in favor of the Samaj, one may quote the judgment of Sir James Meston, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. Speaking, two years ago, of his visit to the Gurukula, the Arya Samaj school near Hardwar, where the Ganges emerges from the Himalaya, he said:—

“The Gurukula is one of the most original and interesting experiments carried on in these provinces, in fact in the whole of India. One of the most wonderful, stimulating, and interesting institutions. We have a band of ascetics devoted to their duty, and working in the wilderness following the traditions of the ancient Rishis, combined with the most modern scientific methods, and working practically for nothing; and a set of students of strong physique, obedient, loyal, thoughtful, devoted, extraordinarily happy, and extraordinarily well fed.”

It is in every sense a British testimonial, but very significant. The danger of the Arya Samaj seems now to be that against which we are warned when everyone speaks well of us.

#### MINOR VERSE.

“Oxford Poetry, 1914.” Edited by “G. D. H. C.” and “W. S. V.” (Blackwell. 1s. net.)

“Poems.” By JOHN RODKER. (Published by the Author.)

“Freedom.” By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

“The Free Spirit.” By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. (Fifield. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is a very good idea to issue a contemporary anthology of Oxford poetry every two or three years. These early precedents have not yet grown into a tradition; but there is already enough material to form comparisons and to judge, year by year, whether the promise of a more mature achievement is robust or sickly. The output of 1914, for instance, is inferior to that of the year before (there are no parodies in it, for one thing), and vastly more acceptable than the pretentious output (uncollected) of five years or so back. Professor Raleigh, who writes the preface, warns us to expect none of “the callow fancies and extravagances which are supposed to belong to youth,” and daffs aside the argument “ad experientiam” (as our Oxford logicians would say), as practice “may beget the vanities of technical skill.” He is right enough in his first estimate,



and wrong about the other. Extravagance! We would as soon have found a browsing cow in a Cubist design. These Oxford poets of 1914 would never dream of rolling their eyes in a fine frenzy, or of wearing their hair long. On the contrary, they are extremely decorous, orthodox, and unassuming. That, indeed, is what is wrong with them. They seem too afraid of themselves to write warm, spontaneous poetry. The verse, almost without exception, shows a competent workmanship, a gratifying control of rhythm and cadence. Youth is sometimes extravagant, but it is really more characteristic of it to take itself too seriously. And these poems reflect an almost painful seriousness in cultivating a formal metrical construction. In many cases, this tendency grows so acute as to become mere imitative exercise, without strength or color, and in general the book, which is of a curious uniformity in treatment, method, and attitude, betrays that kind of diffidence which is afraid, as Arnold said of Grey, to "speak out." There is one poem, however, which is so delicate in touch, and in which the expression is so responsive, too, and identified with the thought and emotion, that, if we had space, we would like to quote it in full. It is an elegy on his dog, by Mr. Godfrey Elton:—

"So might I stand and think again,  
Of our long rambles in the rain,  
Or call for him to come to me  
Across the woods by Eversley.

"Now that my little dog is dead,  
There are three poplars at his head,  
And he is lying very still  
Under a meadow on a hill.

"Waiting for some clear, summer dawning,  
And for my whistle in the morning,  
But the man he loved is far away,  
And his night ends not in any day.

"Sleep well, Mick, by your poplar-trees,  
Sleep on, fear nothing, be at ease;  
Somewhere, somehow, we'll meet again,  
And go long rambles in the rain."

It perhaps owes something to Lamb's exquisite elegy on Hester—"Shall we not meet as heretofore, some summer morning?"—but it is genuine and individual.

We do not know by what shibboleth Mr. Rodker calls himself. These art sects and schisms gallop so fast that, for the life of us, we cannot keep up with them. But he is probably one of these ten things—an Impressionist, a Neo-Impressionist, a Post-Impressionist, a Cubist, a Futurist, an Orphist, a Fauvist, a Synchronist, a Vorticist, or an Imagist. Anyway, by whatever methods these Fifth-Monarchists of art arrive at their Promised Land, their common theory, we take it, in more or less degree, is that form, as an abstract metaphysic, should be expressed entirely by color and line. Now, whatever the æsthetic value of these scholiasts' principle (it is a casuist pedantry on the face of it), it can only be applied to painting and sculpture. It certainly cannot be applied to literature, which deals only symbolically, and not explicitly, with abstract design. Then, what on earth is Mr. Rodker driving at? What is he trying to express? Is it romance? Oh, abomination of desolation, cries the good Ezra Poundist! Is it realism? That smacks too much of abhorred Nature. Is it "simultaneity" of impression, or is it just a shooting sensation in the vile body, or what is it? Echo answers nothing. Or is Mr. Rodker just "trying it on"? Anyhow, whatever his purpose is, he certainly will not achieve it by throwing the furniture about, so to speak—by banging monosyllables into one line, by verbal somersaults, by asterisks, gaps, and capital letters, by mere cacophony and wilful geometrical patterns, by accumulating stertorous and irrelevant adjectives, by words like "proliferance," and by lines like " . . . !" When, in fact, he gives us a whole poem, mark you, like this:—

"You said  
Your heart was  
Pieces of strings  
In a  
Peacock-blue satin  
bag."

the only thing to be said about it is that it is an imposture. It is a great pity that Mr. Rodker, who possesses some power and energy of thought, should waste his and his readers' time, by such wanton puerilities.

"Freedom" is Mr. Young's second volume of verse, and a great to-do was made of the first. Certainly, if he is not read with care, he may persuade the casual of the swift and volcanic inspiration of his work. He has all the mechanism of versification at his fingers' ends; his rhythm is smooth and fluent as his philosophy is genial, and his thought, if never profound, is attractive enough. It is unfair to Mr. Young, and flying in the face of rational criticism, to make higher claims for his achievement. Here are a few examples of it:—

"Bring your lamps! Buy our lamps! Laddies come and buy them!

Buy a pool of color for the puddles at your feet;  
Gold, green, and rose lamps, lassies, come and try them!  
Join the feast of lanterns jogging through the street;  
Gay lights for daylight, who can call us cheat?"

Or this, from "Mountain Speed":—

"O the winter joy of the flying of feet over snow-clad hill,  
The rush and the snow-leap vying with the flight of our will,  
The hiss of our Ski and the sighing of speed that frost cannot still."

Or this:—

"The heart may drift blindly,  
unkindly be treated,  
And choke in the weeds of the world;  
Be eddying only  
On shoals of the lonely:—  
When, lo! comes a prod  
From a mischievous quiver,  
And away we are whirled,  
On the passionate river,  
To the lilt of the little queer god."

Occasionally Mr. Young's facility seduces him into a commonplace jingle, which is to poetry what scales are to music:—

"Is it—is it—  
Is it—a song?  
Is it—a song? Is it—a song?—  
Under the window at night in June,  
Lilt of the shadow of moonlight hours,  
Chasing the twinkle of stars."

And so on. Nor is Mr. Young, in the rather dangerous surrender of his thought to cadence, always careful of his meaning. A more precise, a more economic craftsmanship would not have given us a line like this:—"Thought brooks no filter for its free unsealing." Mr. Young's philosophy, in fact, and its corresponding metrical expression, is simply that of a recreative day's holiday in the country. It is not a metaphysic of cosmic values.

Mr. Binns's thought is not too weak for his verse, but too strong. It elbows his actual expression out of its proper compass and proportion. Of course, the texture of the thought itself is partly responsible. It is too cramped, too groping, too circumlocutory, to pass easily and naturally into a poetic mould. This, for instance, "will never do":—

"The freemen's footway is beset by wires  
Alive with power to quicken and to blast;  
The dynamos of life about him cast  
Arca of sublime potential; he inspires  
That tense electric ozone, and acquires  
Calm breathing it surcharged with all the vast  
Portent of mortal life—"

It might be a lecture delivered at an electric generating station. "The Free Spirit" is mostly composed of sonnets, which suit Mr. Binns's questioning and philosophic cast of thought far more than do the occasional lyrics, which are crushed out of all shape by the iron-shod hooves of his speculations.

#### THE "NUNQUAM DORMIS" SHOP.

"Days of My Years." By Sir MELVILLE L. MACNAUGHTEN, C.B., late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a fine record of crimes and the persons who attained to the dignity of crime. It is also, in the main, a record of the achievements of the modern British detective;

fer, although some of these affairs lie undivulged (registered, no doubt, in heaven above), justice did, for the most part, come sooner or later into her own. Let not the reader think that this is a book of which he will weary before the end is reached: it ought to be monotonous—it isn't.

Among the mysteries—or partial mysteries—is that of Jack the Ripper. The five appalling murders to the credit of this sexual maniac we, of course, know all about; but over the fate of the Ripper himself oblivion's wing is stretched. Sir Melville Macnaghten's solution of the riddle is eminently plausible. He maintains that after his awful glut in Miller's Court, when, on November 9th, 1888, Mary Jeanette Kelly fell to that insatiable knife, the murderer's brain gave way, and he committed suicide. It is practically certain that he was never arrested by the police (albeit the writer was once shown a pencil portrait of an inmate of Broadmoor to whom some suspicion attached); yet after that morning of November 9th these peculiar and unparalleled atrocities ceased:—

"I do not think," says Sir Melville, "that there was anything of religious mania about the real Simon Pure, nor do I believe that he had ever been detained in an asylum, nor lived in lodgings. I incline to the belief that the individual who held up London in terror resided with his own people; that he absented himself from home at certain times, and that he committed suicide on or about the 10th of November, 1888, after he had knocked out a Commissioner of Police, and very nearly settled the hash of one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State."

For a desperately cool hand at murder we may pick out Mrs. Percy, who killed Mrs. Hogg and her baby. This was known as the Hampstead Murder, and the date was October, 1890. Mrs. Percy was a woman of powerful physique, "and her nerves were as iron-cast as her body." While the police were searching her house from garret to basement, "she sat herself down at the piano and strummed away at popular tunes." The officers found a blood-stained poker and knife, and on the walls of the kitchen great splotches of blood:—

"When the musical hostess was asked for an explanation as to the bloodstains, she chanted a reply, 'Killing mice, killing mice, killing mice,' and went on with her piano-playing."

Mrs. Percy (by the way, was not the woman's true name—Wheeler?) was hanged by Berry, who, as we have heard, addressed her in the condemned cell with a polite "Good morning, Madame"—getting the pinion straps ready the while—and was answered with an equally polite handshake.

Crippen was a cool hand, too, while his nerve lasted. To the police officer who made his perquisitions in Hilldrop Crescent "the doctor rendered every assistance"; and Sir Melville is of the opinion that

"If his nerves had remained unshaken, and he had had the courage to take a long lease of the house which held his guilty secret, he might still be alive and carrying on his duties as a second-class aurist."

But when the officer had taken his leave, the fear which, as Cervantes says, is sharp-sighted, seemed on a sudden to reveal to him the gallows-shed, the cross-beam, and the dangling rope—and he fled. The dramatic sequel is remembered by us all. Wireless, playing its first part as an aid to criminal justice, revealed the presence of Crippen and the poor girl, Le Neve, on board the "Montrose"; and two continents watched the pursuit of this boat by another which carried the Chief Inspector from the "Yard" (the murderer all unconscious of impending doom); beheld the victory of law by a length or two, and heard—or seemed to hear—from Canadian shores the greeting that recalled a happier encounter: "Dr. Crippen, I believe?"

The wretched little sensual Crippen (the dining-room where he fed himself daily after the murder of his wife was within a few yards of the spot in which he had buried some pieces of her, and the sideboard had a nice provision of wines and liqueurs) had a single and definite aim in his crime; but Sir Melville Macnaghten resurrects another murderer with a doctor's title, Neil Cream. From the psychological standpoint, Neil Cream's case was a far subtler and more engrossing one than the Ripper's, and some medical jurisprudent will doubtless, in course of time, favor us with an analytical opinion on it. Lombroso's fancy would

have played picturesquely around it; Dr. Hans Gross, the great Austrian expert, would give us the philosophy of such a case.

Sir Melville's brief histories are mostly concerned with indigenous crime, but we have a taste or two of the fiercer methods of the Continent. Our police, he says, are seldom in the least afraid of their criminals, and will walk into a doss-house or thieves' kitchen and fetch out their man in a moment. The Paris police, quite as plucky as ours, are warier, and display a wholesome timidity, dreading the revolver. We had in the winter of 1911 a grand revolver show in Sidney Street on the part of a tiny band of Lithuanians or Letts, when Mr. Winston Churchill was directing the fire of the Scots Guards with the coolness he displayed in attempting to rescue the Estcourt armored train under the bullets of the Boers in South Africa. But the Sidney Street affray was not the first occasion on which the Metropolitan Police may be said to have crossed swords with these desperadoes from Lithuania; and Sir Melville's account of the running fight in Tottenham, "a tramcar full of armed men chasing another, from which shots were being rapidly fired," is something a good deal nearer to war than the War itself has realized for us, or is likely to realize, in the suburbs of London.

The "nunquam dormis shop"—in other words, the shop where there is never any early closing—is Sir Melville Macnaghten's felicitous description of the "Yard"; and this is a very good book that comes out of it.

#### POPULARITY.

"The Holy Flower." By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"The Splendid Blackguard." By ROGER POOCK. (Murray. 6s.)

"The Chronicles of the Imp." By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Voyage Out." By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Duckworth. 6s.)

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has long occupied the insidious throne of incalculable popularity. If you were to take a census of his readers, you would far out-soar the ambitious pride of David. His buyers are numbered, not by the thousands, but the hundreds of thousands. The consequence is that Mr. Haggard cannot help himself. Having created "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quartermain," he must go on creating, if not their peers, their ghosts. He has been caught in the machinery of the implacable law of supply and demand. The public has been moulded to him and he has been moulded to the public. It is a pity, because even his cheapest romances are a far, far better thing than any that certain popular novelists we could name have ever done. It is a pity, because the fault can be laid at a different door than either his or the public's. In "The Holy Flower" the overworked spectre of Allan Quartermain is again called upon to revisit the glimpses of the moon. It is packed off to another, yet another undiscovered part of Africa, to filch the holy flower (a "golden Cypridium") from the Pongo people, who are religious cannibals and worship a gorilla. Incidentally, there are combats with slave-traders and adventures galore. The gorilla is killed; its bestial high-priest is killed; large numbers of the Pongo are killed; the holy flower is filched, lost, and found again, in a little packet of its seeds, collected in an off-time by our resourceful ghost, its attendants, and the wife and daughter of one of the party, and there you are! The goods are delivered. It is a wonder that with such material Mr. Haggard is still readable.

You can only be an Elizabethan to appreciate villains, rogues, and *picaros* at their fullest bloom. It was possible in those days, because the enterprising freebooters of the drama and the novel were a projection of the actual Elizabethan personality. But it cannot be done to-day. Our morals are too carefully and comfortably circumscribed. If we deal in villains, that must be only on the face of it. They must be chivalrous altruists and moralists of the deepest dye. If they are the genuine thing, they must not be put into a book, but clapped into gaol and made into Captains of Industry. That is what makes us so indifferent to Constable



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Mr. Clement Shorter contributes an appreciation of the author of "The Chronicles of the Imp." In it, he murmurs darkly of Defoe, Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Borrow. "The writer who can catch some element of the spirit of the 'masters' and modernise it is destined to win the favor of the crowd. And thus Mr. Jeffery Farnol has entered into his kingdom." Mr. Farnol has undoubtedly entered into his kingdom but hardly at any rate in "The Chronicles of the Imp" by catching the spirit of the "masters":—

"Truly there can be no sweeter sound to ears masculine upon a golden summer afternoon—or any other time, for that matter—than the soft *frou-frou* that tells him *she* is coming."

Or,

"'Yes,' I said, catching her hands in mine, 'my Leggar-maid; the loveliest, noblest, sweetest that ever stooped to bestow her love on man.'"

And so on. The modernization has apparently overbalanced the spirit of the "masters." "He has no gospel to preach, no crude law of life to enunciate," says Mr. Shorter. "He is content to entertain and amuse, to give us sunny hours of recreation, and never more than now are writers of this order needed for our solace." He is content, in short, to give us a mixture of sentimental and facetious triviality.

Why is it that people will read about anything rather than about themselves? Is it sheer modesty, or moral cowardice, or a method of escape, or a pathetic confidence in something they believe beyond their escape, or what? If they would only realize that their own psychology is far more romantic, mysterious, unknown, exciting, and potentially emotional than the adventures, heroisms, and melodramas with which they are fed! "The Voyage Out," for instance, is an analysis and, in parts, a powerful and significant one, of the personalities of some English visitors in a South American hotel. It is hardly a work of art, partly because of its form, partly because it is too passionately intent upon vivisection. It falls, itself, into the snare of talking about characters, whose loquacious introspectiveness about their natures and emotions it is its purpose to satirize. For all that, its conscientious and acute methods of dissection are full of interest. It has the mark of a very promising first novel. If so, Mrs. Woolf has every incentive to write another. But will it have many readers? That lies between Mrs. Woolf's natural artistic gifts and the system which discourages them.

### The Week in the City.

THE fact that, with flour at 64s. a quarter and maize at what is described as the record price of 40s. a quarter, a company like Spiller & Baker's, Ltd., should have been able to amass enormous profits by selling grain in this time

of national need, is causing a good deal of excitement, if one may judge by questions in Parliament and letters in the newspapers. Certainly it is a war bonus with a vengeance, and the shareholders are to be congratulated upon the ill-wind having blown them so much good. The report of Thornycroft's, the great armament firm, is also very prosperous. It is curious to reflect that Krupp's are piling up immense royalties out of British expenditure on shells, and that after the war a huge lump sum will have to be paid to them by the British armament firms. The English law, it will be remembered, merely suspends contracts made with the enemy, leaving them to be completed after the peace. If Lord Charles Beresford, himself an armament director, is right, payment will have to be made to Krupp's for every British shell fuse fired during the war. The Stock Markets have been rather dull and depressed, owing to the unsatisfactory news and uncomfortable rumors about Holland. The gold exchanges are now being assisted by small but steady exports from the Bank of France. This is a perfectly correct policy, and will help to check the deterioration of financial conditions, both in Paris and in London. The German currency is now at a discount of about 14 per cent. in Amsterdam.

#### MORE ARMAMENT PROFITS.

The nervousness which appears to exist in the mind of the market with regard to the profits which armament firms will be allowed to make ought to be dispelled by the report of Thornycroft's, which shows trading profits of £151,497, as compared with £45,958 last year. The company only pays an 8 per cent. dividend on its Ordinary shares, but the available profits would have permitted of the distribution of just 80 per cent. if distributed up to the hilt. The 8 per cent. dividend costs £11,880, and £36,672 is written-off the goodwill account, and £40,000 placed to reserve, with £7,200 added to the carry forward. On this exhibition the Ordinary shares have risen to 25s. and the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference stand at 18s. 6d.

Armstrong's report shows profits of £802,000, against £689,000, so that the smaller firms seem to be doing proportionately better than the big ones, for Armstrong's and Vickers's dividends are both at the same rate as last year, namely, 12½ per cent. Vickers's shares are about 37s. 6d., and Armstrong's 40s.

#### SOME INSURANCE RESULTS.

The war has had a far less serious effect on the new business figures of the big life insurance companies than most of their officials feared would be the case. The London Life Association, for example, secured a record amount of new business, retaining £903,136 of new assurances at its own risk. This company is a mutual one, employing no agents and paying no commission, thus showing the lowest expense ratio of any British office. The Royal Exchange Assurance secured £808,512 of net new assurances in its life department, and its funds in this department at the end of the year amounted to £3,710,243. This company is a composite office, transacting most classes of insurance business, the funds set aside for business other than life and annuity contracts amounting to £2,591,415, so that it offers ample security. The Wesleyan & General is a smaller society, which has just taken power to enlarge the scope of its operations. It transacts "ordinary" life business and "industrial" business, and it issued new policies during 1914 for £459,465 in its ordinary department, and for £2,147,978 in its industrial section. This society has no shareholders, and relies entirely upon the United Kingdom for its business.

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